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CRITICAL REVIEW.

For the Month of *March*, 1768.

ARTICLE I.

State Papers collected by Edward Earl of Clarendon. Commenting from the Year MDCXXI. Containing the Materials from which his History of the Great Rebellion was composed, and the Authorities on which the Truth of his Relation is founded. Vol. I. Folio. Pr. 1l. 1s. T. Pzyne. [Concluded]

OUR third and last object of enquiry from the papers before us, is, how far Charles I. prepossessed and misguided as he was by his father's example, would have carried his compliances with the church of Rome. The resolution of this question can arise only from perusing the private state dispatches of the times, and not from the vague conjectures of historians, who, however impartial they may appear, must be very lamely informed without such assistances. A publication so desultory and unconnected as this is, does not admit of our bringing into one point of view the several intercourses between the court of England and that of Rome, during the reign of Charles I; we shall therefore follow them *seriatim* in the order of time as they arise.

Mean while we must apprize the reader, that let him be ever so attentive, he will meet with great difficulties in forming any final judgment upon this subject; and though this Collection is, we apprehend, the best assistance he can procure for that purpose, yet he will find it imperfect; and a great deal must be still left to conjecture and probability. He will even meet with difficulties in arranging his ideas of the Roman catholic faith and its professors. If he is directed towards the Jesuits, he

abandons the authority of the Benedictines, and other orders; if towards the latter, their moderation and desire of a reunion with the Church of England, are apt to make him lose sight of many fundamental principles in the Romish church. The divisions in the Roman catholic party at the English court, are no less embarrassing. That Charles and his arch prelate Laud entertained very favourable notions of the pope's temporal power and the Romish hierarchy, and were warmly inclined to have favoured proposals for a toleration, if not a reunion, seems to be rendered evident by the Collection before us. Charles, who possessed much sounder sense than his favourite prelate, stuck at the temporal jurisdiction arrogated by the pope, and supported by the Jesuits; and it is doing his memory no more than justice when we say, that even his fatal attachment to his queen appears never to have warped him on that head.

Another matter of great importance, which some writers have affected to treat with levity, seems to be established beyond all contradiction by these papers; we mean, the great swarms of Jesuits sent over by Richelieu and friar Joseph to preach up rebellion in different shapes and characters against the unfortunate Charles. The views and interests of English Churchmen were as various as those of Rome; but we believe that in general the clergy of England under Charles were sound in their principles both civil and religious, and that they disapproved of the favourable dispositions which biased their superiors towards popery. We shall conclude this introduction by observing, the almost incredible stiffness of the Jesuits and the Romish consistory in a matter that was so flattering to their ambition and interest, as the treaty of accommodation we now speak of. With whatever seeming gratitude they received, or however humbly they sued for, favour, we perceive, that when they argued in close divan, they did not admit even of the supposition that the detestable corner-stones of their faith should be so much as moved; their murdering, deposing, excommunicating, and prevaricating powers were to remain untouched; and whatever compliances they might affect, were to be salved by the conveniencies of mental reservations and dispensing powers. Have we not seen the same doctrines, within the compass of these five years past, palliated and defended in England by the publications of their faithful successors? Could the Roman catholic princes who have expelled the Jesuits from their dominions, pull the weeds out of a profession so fundamentally pernicious to society? Were they not under the necessity of at once exterminating the whole?

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The reflection which naturally arises from the first paper relating to religion that occurs in this Collection is, that the Roman catholics under Charles I. favourable as he was to their religion, were more harrassed on that account under his, than they have been in the present, or under any, reign since the Revolution. By a rough draught of a proclamation by secretary Windebank (who was himself a papist) they (the Roman catholics) are strictly charged not to attempt making any profelytes of English subjects, and from thenceforth forbear to resort to any places within his majesty's dominions, or to be present, where masses, or any other service, is celebrated after the rites of the church of Rome.

On the 1st of December, 1633, a very extraordinary personage, who is very seldom, if ever, mentioned by historians, is introduced on the stage, in the following letter from secretary Windebank.

' Mr. secretary Windebank to Mr. B. Leander, olim John Skidmore, alias Jones.

' Sir,

' His majesty hath lately seen a letter of yours, under the name of B. Leander, olim John Skidmore, alias Jones, now a poor Benedictine monk, once a fellow of St. John's college in Oxford; wherein you are a suitor that his majesty would be graciously pleased to give you leave to come into England, to see your friends and kindred, without molestation for religion. And, though his majesty like not to give way to a dispensation in a case so directly repugnant to the laws of this realm, yet, in regard of your solemn promise to carry yourself warily and without offence, his majesty hath commanded me to let you know, that he hath given you leave to repair hither into England, to see your friends and kindred, whensoever you shall think fit; and that it shall be lawful for you to stay and remain here (by virtue of his majesty's said permission) without trouble or danger of the laws, you carrying yourself peaceably and without scandal. This I have in charge from his majesty to assure you of; and therefore, whensoever you shall come into these parts, and address yourself to me, I will take order for your protection and security. And so I rest,

From the Court at Whitehall, 1 Dec. 1633.

Your loving friend,

Addressed, "To Mr. Leander at Doway."

FRAN. WINDEBANK.'

An Original.

This Skidmore, or (to call him by his travelling name) Leander, was a man according to Laud's own heart in all respects except his moderation and prudence. He had been an old fellow-collegian with that prelate, and privately recom-

mended by him to Charles and Windebank. Leander's business in England was to recommend to the catholics the distinction between the spiritual power residing in the pope, and the temporal residing in the king. His plan was to reconcile the moderate papists to an oath of allegiance to the king, without violating their religious principles. The oath (but whether it was drawn up by him or not does not appear) is as follows.

‘ Oath of allegiance.

‘ I *A. B.* do promise and swear before God Almighty, in the most strict and binding form that any oath can be taken by a Christian, that I shall and will bear, for ever, to our most gracious and lawful king and natural sovereign king Charles, his heirs and successors, true faith and allegiance, in that most ample manner that a christian subject ought to do to his king and sovereign prince: the which truly to testify, I hold it my duty to swear as followeth.

‘ And therefore I do promise and swear, that I will defend him, and them, to the uttermost of my power, even with the loss of my fortunes and life, against all leagues, depositions, seditions, rebellions, conspiracies, enterprises, and attempts whatsoever, which shall be made against his or their persons, crown or dignity; by any persons whatsoever, either ecclesiastical or civil, domestical or foreign, prince, potentate, or people, under pretext of common good, religion, or any colour or cause whatsoever.

‘ I do also promise and swear, [that] if, at any time, or by any way whatsoever, I shall come to know, at home or abroad, of any practice, conspiracy, treason, secret league, machination, or attempt, tending to the invasion, hurt, or prejudice of his or their persons, estates or dominions, to oppose myself and hinder the same according to my power, and to disclose to him or them what I either do or shall come to know, with all possible diligence and speed; this being the duty of a Christian and loyal subject.

‘ I do also promise and swear as before, that I neither shall nor will admit any conference of what nature soever, that may remove me from this my natural and lawful allegiance and oath; but shall and will detect and disclose such as shall endeavour to seduce me from performing that whereunto, by law of God and man, and this my voluntary oath, I confess myself obliged.

‘ I do also promise and swear as before, that I neither shall nor will procure myself, nor, being procured by any others, accept of any dispensation in, or absolution from, this my oath and allegiance, or any part thereof; but that, breaking any
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part thereof, I shall be guilty of perjury and high treason against God and my prince.

' And all this aforesaid, with every part thereof, I do promise and swear faithfully and truly, according to the literal sense of the words, without equivocation, or mental reservation; renouncing, before God and man, to all exposition that may pervert, in any point, my due and sincere allegiance, or any branch or point of this my oath. So help me God.'

A copy by Windebank.

This oath was seconded by a paper presented by one Mr. Howard, entitled, "Motives and Reasons to be offered to his Majesty, for a Distinction between such Recusants as voluntarily take the Oath of Allegiance with a resolved Conscience of the Lawfulness thereof; and such other as either oppose the same, or take the same with a Scruple of Conscience." The purport of the above paper was very plausible, as it tended to fix a difference between those papists who paid supreme allegiance to the king in temporal affairs, and those who thought that in the last resort it was due to the pope. It is attended by a Latin paper entitled, '*Tria tribunalia in unum coalescentia*;' meaning, that the tribunals of God, the pope, and the king, unite in one point, and are reconcileable with each other, if proper distinctions are observed. The subject is rather awkwardly handled. The author seems to suppose, that the king of France is entitled to prerogatives which exempt him from excommunication, and says, that it would be an easy matter to obtain the like privileges for the king of England, if he does not already enjoy them, which from ancient agreements is very probable. The next paper comes from a red-hot Roman catholic; and as the doctrine contained in it is new and curious, we shall present it to the reader.

' *In primo Elizabethæ* is ordained the abrogation of mass, and changing the form of divine service, with command to all to perform as there in that behalf is enacted. Upon which act also, consequently, depend all future statutes, or acts of parliament, against recusants for not frequenting churches and easterly communions, celebrated in the new form of service, &c.

' The aforesaid act of *primi Elizabethæ* seemeth not of force, having been enacted without any consent of the lords spiritual, as appeareth in the context, but only of the lords temporal and commons; and, by necessary consequence, all penal laws made with reference to this, seem also, *ipso jure*, not to have force of parliamentary laws; supposing that the presence of the lords spiritual be necessarily required to a parliament, as the lawyers

seem to judge : and hence queen Mary's law of having mass, as it seems, obligeth.

' Which if it be true, how much will this advance the union of the church, which all good men desire.

' I omit that the commons, consisting of burgessees, &c. were not freely, and according to form of law, elected ; but the county was necessitated to choose one of five, who were nominate and sent to them ; and three were sent to the sheriffs, nominate, to have one of them to be knight of the shire.

' All this proceedeth upon a supposition that the parliament hath *vota decisiva* in making laws ; otherwise, supposing that they are only *consultores*, not *legumlatores*, but that that privilege is only the king's prerogative, then, as he could make such laws, so he may abrogate them, without all or any of them, when he please. And howsoever, the omission of the lords spiritual, in such an important matter, is a good satisfactory ground for the people, in case it should be declared, that, for default of that, the act aforesaid should not have force by virtue of that parliament.'

In the course of Leander's correspondence with Windebank, we meet with a copy of a letter written to cardinal Bentivoglio at Rome, soliciting his eminence to prevail with the pope to open a correspondence with Charles, and to relax in some of his high pontifical claims, particularly with regard to the proposed oath of allegiance ; and likewise to dissuade him from sending back the bishop of Chalcedon as his nuncio or agent in England, that prelate being very disagreeable to Charles, on account of his meddling pragmatistical temper. This letter, which is quite in the conciliating stile, is worthy of perusal, but can hardly be abridged ; and as Leander, about the time it was written, informs Windebank, that he had been with Laud at Croydon, we can scarcely entertain a doubt of its being either drawn up or approved of by that prelate. Next follow reasons for creating an English cardinal, the original of which is in the hand of one Mr. Price, who was well acquainted with the court of Rome, and the college of cardinals, of which he labours to give a very high idea. We cannot form a better notion of the secret pride of both, than by transcribing from this paper the following paragraph.

' I suppose therefore, as an infallible ground, that the creation of an English cardinal will principally depend upon the resolution and instance made by England : for, whatsoever interest Rome hath, or may have, in such a creation, I hold it morally certain, that no interest will, at this present, induce the pope to promote any of his majesty's subjects contrary to his majesty's good liking.'

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The difficulty and favour of obtaining such a cardinal is next enlarged upon; and the author very modestly proposes that he may be maintained wholly by England, in such a manner as that he may be under no French or Spanish influence. He then proposes a young nobleman, whose name is left blank, and gives in a caveat against another candidate for that honour.

In a letter from one Thomas Williams to Laud, written from Paris, we find a curious account of the state of the controversy between the Jesuits and their antagonists abroad with regard to England. Williams is no friend to that order, which strenuously contended, that neither the bishop of Chalcedon nor any other bishop should come into England. He says, that their riches in England amounted to two or three hundred thousand pounds sterling, in yearly rents of lands, houses, and money at use; and that three hundred and sixty of their order were dispersed through the kingdom. In short, he represents them as being a most dangerous set of men, and absolute tyrants over the consciences of all the Roman catholics in England. How well Charles was apprized of their intrigues, appears from the following passage in the same letter.

'Friar Joseph, a capuchin, hath been of a long time in league with cardinal Richelieu, is advanced by him to be a privy-counsellor of state, and, not without ground, is held to have been a special engine to plot and maintain all those wars and broils which these many years have encumbered the world, and to have been the motioner of taking in of the dukedom of Lorrain; and a firebrand of all those variances between the king of France and his mother and brother, and other princes of the realm, and the sole cause of their expulsion and not return, that the cardinal Richelieu and he may more securely rule and domineer, without fear and contradiction, and dispose the affairs of the world according to their own policy. Now, among many other his devices, this also was a plot of his, at the making of the peace between England and France, that certain capuchin friars, his sworn creatures, might be sent into England to serve the queen's chapel, under a pretext of piety and religion, but covering indeed thereunder great reasons of state: for his meaning was, that one of them, whom he made superior, should have been confessor to our queen, and have guided her conscience; and, by little and little, have put into her such conceits as the cardinal and friar Joseph should desire she should have. Howbeit, their designs had not its effect: for, as it seems, the king and state would have her to receive one of his subjects, and him whom she had before. And even yet this

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friar doth pursue his suit, to thrust in a creature of his to be the queen's confessor.'

The remainder of this letter is highly entertaining and curious; and from the picture which the writer draws of the sons of Loyola, one would imagine that he presided very lately (since the year 1760) in the cabinets of France, Spain, and Portugal, when the sentences of their abolition in those kingdoms passed.

Thus far it appears from this Collection, that the scruples which Charles and Laud entertained of popery were rather political than otherwise, since neither of them was fond of an order which carried obedience to their superiors to a length which invaded the rights both of the king and the archbishop. Leander still persisted in his moderate measures, but found that he had mistaken his man; and that instead of addressing his letter to cardinal Bentivoglio, he should have sent it to cardinal Barberini, who was the patron of the English nation, and sole minister at the court of Rome. Mean while one Courtney, a man of rank and family, and a partizan of the Jesuits, had written a book against Leander's oath of allegiance, which exasperated Charles so much, that he was committed prisoner to the Gatehouse; and, according to Leander's intelligence, even the pope's counsellors were puzzled how to behave between the two parties, while the practices of Richelieu and friar Joseph became every day more and more dangerous to England. Leander about this time addressed a letter to the pope himself, in which he pretty boldly impugns his holiness's power of deposing kings, and several other of his high claims. A Mr. Phillips now steps in, as an agent between the queen and Windesbank, or rather Laud, and proposes the qualification of a bishop or bishops who are to reside in England, and to be con-nived at by the king.

We are next entertained with a corrected copy of a Latin letter addressed by Leander to cardinal Barberini, concerning the abovementioned controversy with the Jesuits. This letter does more honour to the writer's candour and good sense than to his learning; for he very roundly tells his eminence, that the counsels of the Jesuits at the court of Rome, if carried into execution, must appear to the nobility and nation of England as a downright vindication of, and apology for, the proceedings of those who, by a most execrable conspiracy (meaning the Gunpowder treason), contrived the destruction of the king's majesty and all his nobility. The words in the original are remarkable: *qui teterrima conjuratione sub-versionem regie majestatis, totiusque nobilitatis moliebantur*. The indefatigable Leander next drew up in Latin a true and humble representation of his oath of allegiance, to be laid before the college of cardinals. This
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paper is accurately drawn, and discovers no mean abilities in casuistry. The intention of the author is to shew the difference between the *sensus presumptus*, and the *sensus vere intentus*, of his oath; by which he means the exceptions of the Jesuits, or high-flown Roman catholics, against the oath, and the real meaning of the same. This is followed by a long account, drawn up in Latin likewise by Leander, of the state of the apostolic mission in England, upon his conciliating plan. We shall just touch upon the numbers of those missionaries. He says, that the secular priests amount to above five hundred, the Jesuits to about two hundred and fifty, the Benedictines to not quite a hundred, the Dominicans twenty, the Carmelites as many, the Franciscans above thirty, four English and Scotch capuchins, and the same number of Minims. Another paper appears, written also by Leander, proposing a solid union between the churches of Rome and England; but from the former he excludes puritans and all sectaries; and then he proposes an oath of allegiance in the following terms.

'I *A.B.* do, in all sincerity, without any equivocation or reservation, profess and acknowledge, under my corporal oath, our sovereign lord king Charles now reigning to be true and lawful king of England, and all the rest of his majesty's dominions; and that, notwithstanding the different sentences of divines touching the jurisdiction of prelates and princes, (of which I take not upon me to be judge, but leave them to God) I do swear and profess, from my heart, that, although any sentence of excommunication, deprivation, or deposition, be denounced against his said majesty, his lawful heirs or successors, I will constantly, faithfully, loyally adhere unto his majesty, and his said heirs and successors, and him and them defend, to my power and might, and uttermost of my ability, against any whosoever; and never depart from this my loyal obedience, subjection, fidelity, and adhesion to his majesty and his heirs; nor accept of any dispensation to the contrary, for any cause or colour whatsoever: and, under the said sincere oath which I have taken, I protest to manifest and make known, by the speediest and safest ways that I can, all treasonable attempts, publick or secret, all rebellious or seditious actions against his majesty and the state, which shall come unto my knowledge. So help me God.'

Our limits will not permit us to give farther extracts of this zealous missionary's papers; we hope, however, that what we have already exhibited, is sufficient to convey an idea of that plan of union which was secretly favoured both by Charles and Laud. We learn from other dispatches, that Leander's moderation raised a storm against him abroad, while he was at Doway, where

where he was obliged to live two months. His next dispatch is addressed to don Gregorio Panzani, who had been sent by the pope to the queen of England, and who arrived at London on December 25, 1634. From this letter we learn, Panzani met with so gracious an acceptance at court, that it was entirely owing to the non-complying stiffness of the court of Rome, in not making the proper concessions to Charles, that some progress was not made in the reconciliation. Even Leander himself was under a cloud at that court, for having presumed to condemn Courtney's book against his oath of allegiance. In subsequent dispatches, we find him answering certain doubts and questions proposed to him by Windebank, concerning the qualifications of a bishop. By a postscript to one of those letters, he seems to have had some pecuniary dependencies upon Laud and his secretary. Courtney was, all this time, in prison, from whence he had the impudence to plead religion and conscience, for asserting, in his book against the oath of allegiance, "that it is a matter of faith believed by all catholics, that the pope, by his spiritual authority, can authorize princes to make war, invade and depose for spiritual ends," with many other wild propositions of the same tendency. Though these were patronized and enforced at Rome, yet Leander was thought of too much consequence at the court of England to be immediately censured, though he was, in fact, condemned. Even Panzani, the new agent, did not give satisfaction at Rome, where he was thought too favourable to the party who were for introducing bishops into England. The secret negotiations by this time were so far advanced, that it was agreed there should always be an agent resident from the pope with the queen, and another from the queen with his holiness. Howard, a Roman catholic, was privately employed by Laud, in conjunction with one Preston, another papist, to answer Courtney's book, in such a manner as to convince the court of Rome how detrimental its contents would be to the popish interest in England. All their labours proved fruitless. The Jesuit interest gained ground with his holiness, and his consistory insisted upon the *disponibility* (for such is the word) of temporal sovereigns by the spiritual pontiff. This spirit went so far at Rome, that we find Leander, in a letter to Windebank, dated October 1, 1635, throwing himself upon Charles for protection against his enemies at Rome.

After all, the capital paper in this Collection is the instructions given by Charles to captain Arthur (otherwise called serjeant major) Brett, who was sent to succeed the famous Walter Montague, of the Manchester family, as the queen's resident at Rome. This state paper is most artfully drawn up, and suggests ample matter of reflection upon the religious character

of Charles and Laud. Though the instructions are signed and dated by the former, yet Brett is to appear at Rome only in the light of the queen's agent, and to meddle with no religious controversy. We cannot insert the whole of this paper, but the reader may form some idea of it (it being probably drawn up by Windebank or Laud, if not both) from the following extract:

‘Next you are to understand, That, in all your negotiations there, either with the pope or his nephews, or with any cardinals or other his ministers, you are to stile yourself the queen's servant only, and not to take upon you any quality, nor pretend to derive any power from us; but rather upon all occasions, especially in publick, to disavow it, and to keep us free from the suspicion of any such correspondence. Nevertheless, though for your person and quality you are to govern yourself in this manner, this must not slacken your diligences in any service that may concern us; to the advancement whereof you are to have a special eye, and to bend your best forces and endeavours to that end. Which that you may the better perform, you shall hold a strait intelligence with our secretary Windebank, and direct all your letters and dispatches to him only; acquainting him, from time to time, with all occurrents and news that shall come to your knowledge, either concerning that or any other foreign state; and from him you shall receive our commandments and answers as occasion shall be presented.’

Charles then instructs Brett to remonstrate against the conduct of the court of Rome, in the affair of the oath of allegiance; to insist upon Courtney's being censured by his holiness; to signify his majesty's firm resolution not to admit a popish bishop into England, to take upon him jurisdiction in matters of government over those of that profession, because such incompatible jurisdictions might terminate in the utter ruin of the Romish party itself. He is next to make strong representations against the increase and practices of the Jesuits in England. But perhaps the most remarkable part of Brett's instructions is couched in the following paragraph:

‘You may of yourself, as you shall find occasion, insinuate, That, as the pope is a temporal prince, we shall not be unwilling to join with him as we do with other catholic Roman princes, in any thing that may conduce to the peace of Christendom and of the church.’

The contents of this capital paper, we apprehend, express the real sense of Charles and Laud, in the much agitated point of the reconciliation of the English church to that of Rome. That both of them were pliable in matters of form, and sometimes of doctrine, cannot be disputed; and an insatiation seems to

to have prevented the court of Rome from availing itself of circumstances so favourable to its interest. The reader, the more he peruses the papers before us, will be the more strongly of that opinion. It may however be urged, in favour of Charles, that the stand he made against the Jesuits, was manly and resolute: but it is impossible to foresee what the consequences might have been, had his holiness taken him at his word, and if his agents had acted with common prudence and discretion, especially when we consider the great influence which the queen possessed in his councils.

It may be proper to acquaint the reader, that Brett was highly carested at Rome, where it was strongly reported, an English cardinal was to be created; that when he left that court, Panzani recommended a gentleman of the Waldegrave family to succeed him; but his successor was Sir William Hamilton, of the Abercorn family, who continued at Rome till 1641. Panzani was in like manner succeeded, as the pope's nuncio, or agent, by Georgio Con, who was highly carested and respected by Charles; and after remaining at the English court three years and two months, he was succeeded by count Rosetti, who was driven from London by the parliament about July, 1641. We shall leave the reader to form what conclusion he pleases from the extracts of the papers we have laid before him, which are undoubtedly authentic.

To conclude: we cannot help wishing that the editors of this publication had taken more pains in arranging and connecting its contents; and, above all, that they had been better acquainted with the civil history of the period they relate to. They might have thereby saved themselves and the public much useless labour, by suppressing many papers which either have been already published, or tend no way, especially as in those relating to Ireland, to illustrate any historical or doubtful fact.

II. *An Account of Corsica; the Journal of a Tour to that Island; and Memoirs of Pascal Paoli.* By James Boswell, Esq; Illustrated with a new and accurate Map of Corsica. 8vo. Pr. 6s. Dilly.

MR. Boswell was impelled by a noble, but unusual, spirit of curiosity to visit the infant state of liberty among the Corsicans; and he is to be envied that he saw it to greater advantage than any British subject, perhaps, ever can view the same *in futuro*. He found it in all its native, genuine, charms, before faction could spring from security, luxury from plenty, or corruption from luxury; evils which so soon engender in a settled

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constitution. The eyes of all the sons, and we may add, daughters, of Freedom, are now fixed upon the plan of government which the illustrious general of the Corsicans shall adopt for his brave countrymen; and they are in hopes it will be as free as human foresight can contrive, from the oversights which the experience of all ages has proved to be so fatal to other free states.

Mr. Boswell has prefixed an introduction to his work, great part of which, we think, like those of Sallust, will serve almost for any other literary performance that has Liberty for its object. After several, but not original, observations on that invaluable blessing, he makes one very just remark, that the Corsicans have been single and unsupported in their glorious struggle, which was far from being the case with the Swiss and the Dutch, who were protected and assisted by powerful states and allies. 'To give an account (says he) of this island, is what I am now to attempt. The attempt is surely laudable; and I am persuaded that my readers will grant me every indulgence, when they consider how favourable is the subject. They will consider that I am the first Briton who has had the curiosity to visit Corsica, and to receive such information as to enable him to form a just idea of it; and they will readily make allowance for the enthusiasm of one who has been among the brave islanders, when their patriotic virtue is at its height, and who has felt as it were a communication of their spirit.

'The plan which I have prescribed to myself is, to give a geographical and physical description of the island, that my readers may be made acquainted with the country which in these latter days has produced so heroic a race of patriots. To exhibit a concise view of the revolutions it has undergone from the earliest times, which will prepare the mind, and throw light on the sequel. To shew the present state of Corsica; and to subjoin my journal of a tour to that island, in which I relate a variety of anecdotes, and treasure up many memoirs of the illustrious general of the Corsicans—MEMORABILIA PAOLI.'

Our author's first chapter treats of the situation, extent, air, soil, and productions, of Corsica; but as this part of his work may be executed by the mere force of literary application, we shall give no other extract from it than that which relates to the topographical divisions of the island, and which may prove useful to an English reader.

'The great division of Corsica, is into the *di qua* and the *di la dei monti*. The country on this side, and the country on the other side of the mountains, reckoning from Bastia. By the mountains is understood, that great range of them which rises beyond Aleria, and stretches across the island, intersecting

it however by no means equally ; for, the country *di qua*, is a third more, than that *di la*. Another old division of this island was, to suppose a line drawn from Porto Vecchio, to the gulph of San Fiorenzo ; and the division upon the east, was called *banda di dentro*, the side within ; and that on the west, was called *banda di fuori*, the side without. I never could learn the meaning of this division farther, than that, I suppose, those who inhabited Bastia and the plain of Aleria, looked upon themselves as the most civilized ; and so were for calling those on the opposite side of the island to them '*forrestieri*, foreigners.

The next division is into provinces, of which there are nine ; for although a great part of this country long went under the denomination of '*feudos*, feus,' and is still called so in the maps ; the jurisdiction of the signors is now gradually wearing out, and will soon be sunk into the general power of the state.

Another division of Corsica is into *pieves*. A *pieve* is properly an ecclesiastical appointment, containing a certain number of parishes, over which is placed a *pievano*, who superintends the priests, and draws a certain part of the tithes. But this division is as much used for civil affairs, as for those of the church.

There are large tracts of uninhabited land in Corsica, mostly covered with woods ; to some parts of which the peasants resort in summer to feed their cattle, and to gather chestnuts, making little sheds for themselves to lie under. There is hardly such a thing as a detached farm-house to be seen in the island, like what are scattered every where over Great-Britain ; for, the Corsicans gather together in little villages, which they call by corruption '*paeses*, countries.' I remember when I was once told in Corsica, that I should travel a great many miles '*senza veder un paese*, without seeing a country,' I could not conceive what they meant. The Corsicans are in greater safety, and have more society with each other by thus living in villages ; which is much the custom in the cantons of Switzerland, and some parts of Germany ; as it was anciently among all nations.

The Corsican villages are frequently built upon the very summits of their mountains, on craggy cliffs of so stupenduous a height, that the houses can hardly be distinguished during the day ; but at night, when the shepherds kindle their fires, the reflection of such a variety of lights, makes these aerial villages have a most picturesque and pleasing appearance.

Upon the whole, our author represents Corsica as being naturally a most desirable island, particularly by being well supplied

plied with fish from the sea. He says, that he could hear of no other fish in their rivers or fresh-water lakes except trout and eel, which are found in great plenty, very fat, and of uncommon size.

The second chapter contains a concise view of the revolutions which Corsica has undergone from the earliest times. From this chapter, which is instructive and entertaining, we can easily perceive that the ancients were much better acquainted with this island than the moderns are; for the precise time does not appear from Mr. Boswell, when Corsica became a kingdom.

* About the year 1550 (says our author) Corsica revived under the conduct of a great hero, who arose for the deliverance of his country. This was Sampiero di Bastelica. He early discovered extraordinary parts and spirit; and had the advantage of being educated in the house of cardinal Hypolitus de Medicis, the nephew of pope Clement the seventh. He was created colonel of the Corsicans in France, and distinguished himself in almost every one of the great actions of that nation in his time.

* After the death of Francis the first, he went home to his native country; where he married Vannina, heiress of the house of Ornano, of the most ancient and rich of the Corsican nobility; and from this time, he was generally called Sampiero di Ornano.

* Being moved with the miserable state of his countrymen, he resolved to procure them relief; and for this, a very favourable opportunity then presented itself.

* Here history begins again to open upon us. The clouds of antiquity and barbarism are dispersed, and we proceed clearly, under the guidance of the illustrious Thuanus.

* France had of a long time claimed a right over Genoa; but after the battle of Pavia, when the French were forced entirely to abandon Italy, that claim had become of no effect. Henry the second however, having commenced a new war in Italy, against the emperor Charles the fifth, resolved to assert his power in Corsica; Sampiero di Ornano encouraged this disposition, that he might avail himself of it, to free the island from a yoke which galled it so much.

* He represented to Henry, that as the Genoese had taken part with the emperor, his majesty was debarred from all entrance to Italy by sea; whereas, by putting himself in possession of Corsica, he might have a free passage through the Mediterranean, and might, at the same time, employ that island as a commodious garrison, where troops and warlike stores might

might be lodged, to be from thence thrown in upon Naples or Tuscany, as the situation of affairs should require.

‘ An expedition was therefore ordered to Corsica, in the year 1553, under the command of general Paul de Thermes, accompanied by Sampiero di Ornano, Jourdain des Ursins, and several other able commanders. Henry had also the Turks joined with him in this expedition, having prevailed with their fourth emperor, Solyman, styled the Magnificent, to send out a large fleet to the Tuscan sea.

‘ This expedition was powerfully opposed by the Genoese; who had given Corsica in charge to their celebrated bank of St. George. The great Andrew Doria, though then in his eighty-seventh year, bid defiance to age and infirmities, and, since Corsica was an object of importance to his country, the gallant veteran embarked with all the spirit of his glorious youth, having a formidable armament under his command.

‘ The war was carried on with vigour on both sides. At first however, several of the best towns were taken by the French and Turks, particularly Ajaccio, where were a number of merchants, whose riches afforded good pillage to the enemy, and helped to make the enterprise go on with more spirit. The Corsicans joined in the common cause, and the greatest part of the island was once fairly delivered from the tyrant.

‘ But the Genoese were so well commanded by the intrepid Doria, and had besides such assistance from Charles the fifth, who sent strong reinforcements, both of Spanish and German troops, that the expedition was not entirely effectual.

‘ In the course of this war, so many valourous actions were performed, that, fired with the contemplation of them, I am almost tempted to forget the limited bounds of my plan, and of my abilities, and to assume the province of an historian; I hope a Livy, or a Clarendon, shall one day arise, and display to succeeding ages, the Corsican bravery, with the lustre which it deserves.

‘ The Corsicans were now so violent against the Genoese, that they resolved with one accord, that rather than return under the dominion of the republic, they would throw themselves into the arms of the great Turk. At length however, a treaty was concluded between the Corsicans and Genoese, advantageous and honourable for the former, having for guarantee his most Christian majesty.

‘ But as there was an inveterate, and implacable hatred between those two nations, this treaty did not long subsist; and upon Henry's death, the same oppression as formerly, became flagrant in Corsica.

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‘ Sampiero di Ornano, who had been again for some time in France, having lost his royal master, went himself to the Ottoman Porte, and earnestly solicited fresh assistance to his unhappy nation. But the face of affairs was changed. The same political views no longer existed; and it must be a miracle indeed, when states are moved by virtuous principles of generosity. This brave man, being unsuccessful at Constantinople, returned to Corsica, where his presence inspired the islanders with fortitude, and occasioned a very general revolt.

‘ He carried on his glorious enterprize with considerable effect; and the more so, that, as he had now no foreign assistance, he was not looked upon as very formidable, and the republic made little preparation against him. But he was stopped in his career by the treachery of the Genoese, who had him basely assassinated, by a wretch of the name of Vitolli, in the year 1567.

‘ Thus fell Sampiero di Bastelica di Ornano, a Corsican worthy of being ranked with the most distinguished heroes. He displayed great bravery and fidelity in foreign service; and with unremitting constancy endeavoured to restore the liberties of his country. Thuanus calls him ‘*Vir bello impiger et animo invictus*; a man active in war, and of a spirit invincible.’ The shades which were in his private conduct, are to be forgotten in the admiration of his public virtues. His son Alphonso, and his grandson John Baptist, both arrived at the dignity of marshal of France, after which his posterity failed.

‘ Alphonso di Ornano, who had been brought up in the court of Henry the second, kept alive the patriotic struggle for a short while; but unable to make head against the republic, he retired from the island and settled in France.

‘ The Genoese were thus again put in possession of Corsica. Enraged at what they had suffered from a daring rebellion, as they termed it; and still dreading a new insurrection, they thought only of avenging themselves on the Corsicans; and plunging that people still lower than ever, in ignorance and slavery.

‘ Their oppression became now, if possible, worse than before. They were inflamed with hotter resentment, and their tyranny formed itself into something of a regular system. Forgetful of every equitable convention that France had established, they exercised, without controul, the utmost rigours of arbitrary power. They permitted nothing to be exported from the island, but to Genoa, where, of necessity, the Corsicans were obliged to sell their merchandise at a very low rate; and in years of scarcity, the island was drained of provisions by a sort of legal plunder. For the inhabitants were forced to bring

them to Genoa, so that actual famine was often occasioned in Corsica.

The Genoese did every thing in their power to foment internal dissensions in Corsica, to which the people were naturally too much inclined. These dissensions occasioned the most horrid blood-shed. They reckon that no less than 1700 Corsicans were assassinated in the space of two years. Assassinations were, in the first place, a certain cause of hatred among the Corsicans, and often between the best families, so that they would not unite in any scheme for the general liberty. And in the second place they could be turned to very good account, either by confiscating the estates of the assassins, or by making the criminals pay heavy compensations to the judge. The judge could wave the pursuit of justice by saying, '*Non procedatur, let there be no process;*' which could easily be cloaked under the pretence of some defect in point of form; or could even acquit the deepest offenders from his own will alone, by what was called '*Ex informata conscientia*, the information of his own conscience;' of which he was not obliged to give any account.

The remaining part of this history, till the time of the present general Paoli's appearing, must awaken indignation in every generous breast. Mr. Boswell seems to have been very imperfectly informed with regard to the famous king Theodore, who was one of the worst men, and most impudent impostors, that history can produce. The remaining part of the Corsican history is well known to every reader of modern magazines and news-papers, excepting the great internal regulations introduced among them by Paoli, of which we find here a curious and excellent account.

The third chapter contains the present state of Corsica, with respect to government, religion, arms, commerce, learning, the genius and character of its inhabitants. Mr. Boswell gives, we believe, a very just as well as instructive account of the present government of Corsica, which he says exhibits a complete and well-ordered democracy: the constituent parts of it, however, and the various checks of which it is composed, admit of no partial extracts, because they serve to make up a whole, which would greatly exceed the limits of this article; we must therefore refer the reader to the work itself. The journal of a tour to Corsica, and memoirs of Pascal Paoli, form the last, and we think most entertaining, division of this work, because it could not be the result of reading or information. Our author, after describing his journey to the residence of Paoli, the various adventures, entertainments, and personages he met with, thus proceeds:

When

When I at last came within sight of Sollacard, where Paoli was, I could not help being under considerable anxiety. My ideas of him had been greatly heightened by the conversations I had held with all sorts of people in the island, they having represented him to me as something above humanity. I had the strongest desire to see so exalted a character; but I feared that I should be unable to give a proper account why I had presumed to trouble him with a visit, and that I should sink to nothing before him. I almost wished yet to go back without seeing him. These workings of sensibility employed my mind till I rode through the village, and came up to the house where he was lodged.

Leaving my servant with my guides, I passed through the guards, and was met by some of the general's people, who conducted me into an antichamber, where were several gentlemen in waiting. Signor Boccociampe had notified my arrival, and I was shewn into Paoli's room. I found him alone, and was struck with his appearance. He is tall, strong, and well made; of a fair complexion, a sensible, free, and open countenance, and a manly, and noble carriage. He was then in his fortieth year. He was drest in green and gold. He used to wear the common Corsican habit, but on the arrival of the French he thought a little external elegance might be of use to make the government appear in a more respectable light.

He asked me what were my commands for him. I presented him a letter from count Rivarola, and when he had read it, I shewed him my letter from Rousseau. He was polite, but very reserved. I had stood in the presence of many a prince, but I never had such a trial as in the presence of Paoli. I have already said, that he is a great physiognomist. In consequence of his being in continual danger from treachery and assassination, he has formed a habit of studiously observing every new face. For ten minutes we walked backwards and forwards through the room, hardly saying a word, while he looked at me, with a stedfast, keen, and penetrating eye, as if he searched my very soul.

This interview was for a while very severe upon me. I was much relieved when his reserve wore off, and he began to speak more. I then ventured to address him with this compliment to the Corsicans: 'Sir, I am upon my travels, and have lately visited Rome. I am come from seeing the ruins of one brave and free people: I now see the rise of another.'

He received my compliment very graciously; but observed that the Corsicans had no chance of being like the Romans, a great conquering nation, who should extend its empire over half the globe. Their situation, and the modern political sy-

stems, rendered this impossible. But, said he, Corsica may be a very happy country.

He expressed a high admiration of M. Rousseau, whom signor Buttafoco had invited to Corsica, to aid the nation in forming its laws.

It seems M. de Voltaire had reported, in his rallying manner, that the invitation was merely a trick which he had put upon Rousseau. Paoli told me that when he understood this, he himself wrote to Rousseau, enforcing the invitation.

Some of the nobles who attended him, came into the room, and in a little we were told that dinner was served up. The general did me the honour to place me next him. He had a table of fifteen or sixteen covers, having always a good many of the principal men of the island with him. He had an Italian cook who had been long in France; but he chose to have a few plain substantial dishes, avoiding every kind of luxury, and drinking no foreign wine.

I felt myself under some constraint in such a circle of heroes. The general talked a great deal on history and on literature. I soon perceived that he was a fine classical scholar, that his mind was enriched with a variety of knowledge, and that his conversation at meals was instructive and entertaining. Before dinner he had spoken French. He now spoke Italian, in which he is very eloquent.

We retired to another room to drink coffee. My timidity wore off. I no longer anxiously thought of myself; my whole attention was employed in listening to the illustrious commander of a nation.

He recommended me to the care of the abbé Rostini, who had lived many years in France. Signor Colonna, the lord of the manor here, being from home, his house was assigned for me to live in. I was left by myself till near supper time, when I returned to the general, whose conversation improved upon me, as did the society of those about him, with whom I gradually formed an acquaintance.

Every day I felt myself happier. Particular marks of attention were shewn me as a subject of Great-Britain, the report of which went over to Italy, and confirmed the conjectures that I was really an envoy. In the morning I had my chocolate served up upon a silver salver, adorned with the arms of Corsica. I dined and supped constantly with the general. I was visited by all the nobility, and whenever I chose to make a little tour, I was attended by a party of guards. I begged of the general not to treat me with so much ceremony; but he insisted upon it.

One

* One day when I rode out I was mounted on Paoli's own horse, with rich furniture of crimson velvet, with broad gold lace, and had my guards marching along with me. I allowed myself to indulge a momentary pride in this parade, as I was curious to experience what could really be the pleasure of state and distinction with which mankind are so strangely intoxicated.

Upon the whole, our author has, in the person of Paoli, realized all the ideas which the most vigorous imagination could form of a chief, a patriot, and a legislator, embellished with the ornaments of an understanding cultivated by polite literature.

We could have wished Mr. Boswell had been less profuse of his compliments to his friends; the public, perhaps, is not so well acquainted, as he is, with their merits, and their observations by no means deserve the encomiums he pays them. His inaccuracies in language, as, *notwithstanding of*, *greatly too little*, using the word *prejudice* instead of *prepossession* or *prepossession*, and the like, are such venial slips, that they scarcely deserve to be mentioned, could they not be corrected in the next edition by the slightest dash of a pen. We likewise wish that this writer, in a subsequent edition of his publication, would omit the poetical parts of it, because they reflect no great honour on the authors.

III. *A Sentimental Journey through France and Italy.* By Mr. Yorick. Two Vols. Small 8vo. Pr. 5s. Becket.

OUR Sentimentalist having lately made a journey to that country *from whose bourne no traveller returns*, his memory claims at least as much indulgence as our duty to the public permitted us to allow him when alive.* — *De mortuis nil nisi bonum*, said the traveller, when the landlord asked his opinion of his dead small-beer; and if substituting immorality, impudence, and dulness, in the room of virtue, decency, and wit, can recommend a publication, that before us is respectable. What a pity it was that Yorick with his health lost that spirit which rendered him a favourite with thoughtless insipidity, and the dictator of lewdness and dissipation! What a pity it is that he survived his art of imposing upon his countrymen *whim* for *sentiment*, and *caprice* for *humour*! In short, we must do that justice to his memory to say, that he has not left his fellow

* See vol. xxiii. p. 138, & *passim*.

behind him; and we shall not be at all surprized, if some honest bacchanals should form themselves into a society of Shandyists, and out-rival the lodges of the Bloods, Bucks, and other choice spirits.

Mr. Yorick has, in imitation of some celebrated authors, distinguished his chapters under particular titles, which form their chief contents. His first is termed *Calais*, where all we understand is, that he became the ideal king of France by the help of a bottle of Burgundy. The three or four following chapters have the title of *The Monk*, in which he has taken great pains to draw the figure of a monk who had come to beg charity of him for his convent, but received nothing from our author's benevolence. Half of the first volume has whimsical titles of the same kind prefixed to the chapters; from all of which we only learn, that the author hired a post-chaise, and set out in a delirium, which appears never to have left him to the end of his journey; a fatal symptom of his approaching dissolution. It had, however, the happy temporary effect of making the sufferings of others the objects of his mirth, and not only rendering him insensible to the feelings of humanity, but superior to every regard for taste, truth, observation, or reflection. One or two of his chapters are entitled *Montriul*; and as they are incomparably the most innocent and the least unmeaning in the whole work, we shall lay them before the reader, as the most favourable specimen we can select.

“ I had once lost my portmanteau from behind my chaise, and twice got out in the rain, and one of the times up to the knees in dirt, to help the postilion to tie it on, without being able to find out what was wanting—Nor was it till I got to Montriul, upon the landlord's asking me if I wanted not a servant, that it occurred to me, that that was the very thing.

“ A servant! That I do most sadly, quoth I—Because, monsieur, said the landlord, there is a clever young fellow, who would be very proud of the honour to serve an Englishman.—But why an English one, more than any other?—They are so generous, said the landlord—I'll be shot if this is not a livre out of my pocket, quoth I to myself, this very night—But they have wherewithal to be so, monsieur, added he—Set down one livre more for that, quoth I—It was but last night, said the landlord, *qu'un my lord Anglois presentoit un ecu a la fille de chambre—Tant pis, pour mademoiselle Janatone*, said I.

“ Now Janatone being the landlord's daughter, and the landlord supposing I was young in French, took the liberty to inform me, I should not have said *tant pis*—but, *tant mieux*. *Tant mieux, toujours,, monsieur*, said he, when there is any thing to be

got—

got—*tant pis*, when there is nothing. It comes to the same thing, said I. *Pardonnez moi*, said the landlord.

‘ I cannot take a fitter opportunity to observe once for all, that *tant pis* and *tant mieux* being two of the great hinges in French conversation, a stranger would do well to set himself right in the use of them, before he gets to Paris.

‘ A prompt French marquis at our ambassador's table demanded of Mr. H——, if he was H—— the poet? No, said H——, mildly—*Tant pis*, replied the marquis.

‘ It is H—— the historian, said another—*Tant mieux*, said the marquis. And Mr. H——, who is a man of an excellent heart, returned thanks for both.

‘ When the landlord had set me right in this matter, he called in La Fleur, which was the name of the young man he had spoke of—saying only first, That as for his talents, he would presume to say nothing—Monsieur was the best judge what would suit him; but for the fidelity of La Fleur, he would stand responsible in all he was worth.

‘ The landlord delivered this in a manner which instantly set my mind to the business I was upon—and La Fleur, who stood waiting without, in that breathless expectation which every son of nature of us have felt in our turns, came in.

‘ I am apt to be taken with all kinds of people at first sight; but never more so, than when a poor devil comes to offer his service to so poor a devil as myself; and as I know this weakness, I always suffer my judgment to draw back something on that very account—and this more or less, according to the mood I am in, and the case—and I may add the gender too, of the person I am to govern.

‘ When La Fleur entered the room, after every discount I could make for my soul, the genuine look and air of the fellow determined the matter at once in his favour; so I hired him first—and then began to enquire what he could do: But I shall find out his talents, quoth I, as I want them—besides, a Frenchman can do every thing.

‘ Now poor La Fleur could do nothing in the world but beat a drum, and play a march or two upon the fife. I was determined to make his talents do; and can't say my weakness was ever so insulted by my wisdom, as in the attempt.

‘ La Fleur had set out early in life, as gallantly as most Frenchmen do, with *servant* for a few years: at the end of which, having satisfied the sentiment, and found moreover, that the honour of beating a drum was likely to be its own reward, as it opened no further track of glory to him—he retired *a ses terres*, and lived *comme il plaisoit a Dieu*—that is to say, upon nothing.

—And so, quoth *Wisdom*, you have hired a drummer to attend you in this tour of yours through France and Italy! Psha! said I, and do not one half of our gentry go with a hum-drum *compagnon du voyage* the same round, and have the piper and the devil and all to pay besides? When man can extricate himself with an *equivoque* in such an unequal match—he is not ill of—But you can do something else, La Fleur? said I—O *qu'oui!*—he could make spatterdashes, and play a little upon the fiddle—Bravo! said *Wisdom*—Why, I play a bass myself, said I—we shall do very well.—You can shave, and dress a wig a little, La Fleur?—He had all the dispositions in the world—It is enough for heaven! said I, interrupting him—and ought to be enough for me—So supper coming in, and having a frisky English spaniel on one side of my chair, and a French valet, with as much hilarity in his countenance as ever nature painted in one, on the other—I was satisfied to my heart's content with my empire; and if monarchs knew what they would be at, they might be as satisfied as I was.

As La Fleur went the whole tour of France and Italy with me, and will be often upon the stage, I must interest the reader a little further in his behalf, by saying, that I had never less reason to repent of the impulses which generally do determine me, than in regard to this fellow—he was a faithful, affectionate, simple soul as ever trudged after the heels of a philosopher; and notwithstanding his talents of drum-beating and spatterdash-making, which, though very good in themselves, happened to be of no great service to me, yet was I hourly recompensed by the festivity of his temper—it supplied all defects—I had a constant resource in his looks in all difficulties and distresses of my own—I was going to have added, of his too; but La Fleur was out of the reach of every thing; for whether it was hunger or thirst, or cold or nakedness, or watchings, or whatever stripes of ill luck La Fleur met with in our journeyings, there was no index in his physiognomy to point them out by—he was eternally the same; so that if I am a piece of a philosopher, which Satan now and then puts it into my head I am—it always mortifies the pride of the conceit, by reflecting how much I owe to the complexional philosophy of this poor fellow, for shaming me into one of a better kind. With all this, La Fleur had a small cast of the coxcomb—but he seemed at first, slight to be more a coxcomb of nature than of art; and before I had been three days in Paris with him—he seemed to be no coxcomb at all.

Unus & alter — assuitur pannus.

Who does not see that this character of La Fleur is pieced out with

with shreds which Mr. Yorick has barbarously cut out and unskillfully put together from other novels?

Having thus given the most intelligible and commendable specimen which these travels afford, we should trespass upon the reader's patience, as well as the decency we owe towards the public, should we follow our Sentimentalist through the rest of his journey, which is calculated to instruct young travellers in what the author meant for the *bon ton* of pleasure and licentiousness.

IV. *Travels through Germany. Containing Observations on Customs, Manners, Religion, Government, Commerce, Arts, and Antiquities. With a particular Account of the Courts of Mecklenburg. In a Series of Letters to a Friend, by Thomas Nugent, LL. D. Fellow of the Society of Antiquaries. Embellished with elegant Cuts of the Palaces and Gardens of the Dukes of Mecklenburg. Two Vols. 8vo. Pr. 12 s. bound. Dilly.*

PERHAPS no great family has suffered so much as that of Mecklenburg, in the wars which ambition and religious rage have kindled in Europe; and few have more eminently distinguished themselves in the cause of the Reformation and public liberty. Whether the storm came from the South, North, East, or West; whether it blew from Scandinavia, or Germany; the situation of Mecklenburg is such, as rendered it the first object necessary for the invader to secure. The history of the wars of this and the last century, more than confirms this observation.—Providence, therefore, seems to have pointed out the intimate connection which now subsists between a branch of that family and the greatest protestant power in Europe; but we know not to what fatality it is owing, that, till this author entered upon the double province of historian and traveller, the public of Great-Britain knew no more of Mecklenburg than they did of Lapland.

It would therefore be unnecessary to point out to the most uninformed reader the propriety and expediency of this work: all that remains for us to do, is to give some idea of Dr. Nugent's design and manner.—He informs his correspondent, in the first letter, that he undertook his journey to Mecklenburg in order to supply the scantiness of his materials for the second volume of his History of Vandalia, to explore new sources, and to carry on his enquiries at the fountain-head. He set out from London with a friend, August the 7th, 1766; and after he embarked at Gravesend in a Hamburg ship, we feel for him, in the inconveniencies he suffered from a mercenary ship-master and a loathsome dirty crew, till he reached land. His travels,
after

after that, till he arrived at Hamburg, cannot fail of proving useful to those whose business may (for pleasure never can) require them to make the same tour. The Doctor's description of Hamburg, which he calls the store-house of Germany and a great part of the North, is more full and accurate than any other account we have seen of that city, and contains many curious particulars which must be new to an English reader. The same encomium may be extended to his description of Lubeck; but as neither of those places were the objects of the author's travels, we shall omit giving any extracts concerning them.

His fourth letter is dated from Wismar, and his fifth from Butzow: the accounts of both those towns are extremely entertaining. The sixth and seventh letters are dated from Rostock, and his eighth from Gustrow.

My companion and I, says the Doctor, had taken provisions with us from Rostock, otherwise we should have fared but poorly; for, as I observed to you before, the inns upon the road throughout this country are very indifferent. Here we staid above an hour, and about three we proceeded on our journey. In coming out of Sam, we ascended a hill, and soon after reached a pleasant village called Sprems, situated in the neighbourhood of a small lake. The towns of Schwan and Luffow we left on the right, and it was not long before we espied the city of Gustrow. The number of geese spread all over the country was prodigious. A spirit of industry displayed itself in the peasants, who were all employed in the open fields; the greater part ploughing with oxen, and some few with horses. They are generally tall, raw-boned men; their hair light-coloured, and very long. The situation of Gustrow is in a bottom, which prevents it from being seen at any great distance. Near the entrance of the town is a handsome cascade, formed by the river Nebel, which washes its walls. By six we reached Gustrow, and put up at the best inn in the city, the master of which bears the noble name of Lobkowitz. Since my arrival I have been agreeably entertained in seeing a variety of company, and in viewing the curiosities of this town, which greatly surpassed my expectation.

Gustrow is the capital of the circle and principality of Wenden, in the dutchy of Mecklenburg, distant about twenty miles from Rostock. The antiquarians of this country suppose its name to be Venedic, some deriving it from Gutztrawei, implying a green hill; and others from Gestri and Row, signifying a number of ditches. The situation of this city answers to both etymologies, since it is surrounded with pleasant eminences, and stands on the little river Nebel, by which the

adjacent meadows are watered. The Nebel takes its rise in the neighbourhood of the town of Plawe, and continuing its course by Gustrow and Butzow, empties itself into the Warnow. The town was built in 1220, by Henry Burevinus I. His son, Henry Burevinus II. made a grant to it of the woods of Peemer and Kleest, and favoured it with the laws of Schwerin. The circumference of the town is not quite three miles, but it is very populous, and reckoned the pleasantest in Mecklenburg. The streets are spacious and regular, some of them planted with trees, and the houses neatly built. The chief courts of judicature for the dutchy are held in this city, and here is also a superintendency for the direction of ecclesiastical affairs. This is what renders the town so populous, and has overstocked it with lawyers. The frequent appeals to the aulic court, and to Wetzlar, make business for these gentlemen, whom I seldom hear talk of any thing but the *grawamina* of their clients. The great market-place is a spacious area, where stands the town-house, a large but ancient structure. They have also a gymnasium, or public grammar-school, which is held in good repute, and filled with able professors. The principal trade of the inhabitants, for a long time, was their strong beer, which they brewed very good, and agreeable to the stomach. It was called in the Venedic language *knefekuack*, which signifies princely beer, from John the Theologian, prince of Mecklenburg, who was fond of this liquor. But after all my searches, I could get none of it; and what they commonly drink here is a new beverage, very sweet, and, I believe, unwholesome.

The town has some edifices deserving of a traveller's notice. There are two churches, the dome and the parish church, besides a chapel dedicated to the Holy Ghost. The two latter contain nothing curious, but the dome is one of the most remarkable structures in the whole dutchy of Mecklenburg. It was built by Henry Burevinus II. prince of Mecklenburg, in 1226, and dedicated to St. Cecilia. The architecture is Gothic, and the outside not very striking; but within it is airy and lightsome, and moreover adorned with a great number of inscriptions and sumptuous monuments.

The detail of those monuments and descriptions, though closely connected with our author's subject, would not prove extremely entertaining to an English reader; and for that reason, as well as for want of room, we shall omit them.

If Homer, and after him Horace, recommended the travels of Ulysses, because *mores hominum multorum vidit & urbes*, "He saw the manners of many men and cities;" the Doctor, whose travels are more extensive than those of the Grecian hero, is

no less recommendable on that account. His descriptions of the amiable and obliging personages he falls into company with, their hospitality, affability, and politeness, place them full in the reader's view, and give us a perfect idea of their characters and manners: *facies non omnibus una — nec diversa tamen*. It is with great regret we part with them, but their places are generally supplied with others.

We are now to behold our author at New Strelitz, where he was set down at a burgo-master's house. — Burgo-master Strubing (says he) is a merchant, yet keeps an inn; he is a man of a good behaviour, and understands his business very well. His house is resorted chiefly by such gentlemen as have any affairs to transact at court. He received me civilly, provided me with a good supper, and a handsome apartment. I was pleased to hear that baron Dewitz was at Strelitz, and after indifferent chit-chat with my landlord, I went to bed.

As soon as I had breakfasted, I sent a servant with a card to the baron, signifying my arrival; and that, if it were convenient, I intended doing myself the honour to wait upon him. This was about nine o'clock. The baron sent for answer he should be glad to see me; but, dressing occasioning some delay, a servant soon after came to acquaint me, that baron Dewitz was obliged to wait upon his serene highness; that he should be glad to see me at court between twelve and one; that the duke's coach would come and take me up; and that the marshal of the court would be there ready to present me to their serene highnesses. Accordingly the duke's coach took me up at the time appointed, and drove directly to the palace. Getting out of the coach I fell down, but, thank God! received no great harm. One of the officers conducted me to the marshal's apartment, where I found him waiting for me: after the usual compliments, he told me he had been just reading my history, and was pleased to commend it. The marshal does not speak English, but understands it pretty well, and is conversant in most of our books of polite literature. His name is Zetterfleth, and he is stricken in years, but a very fine gentleman. He told me that baron Dewitz had apprized the duke and the princess of my coming, and, if I pleased, he would now introduce me. I could not avoid being greatly fluttered with such politeness, and answered him I was ready to pay my respects to their serene highnesses.

We then ascended a great stair case, and passing through several apartments, where I saw and bowed to many ladies and gentlemen, I reached the antichamber; and was apprized, that their serene highnesses were in the next apartment. I entered with the marshal, and after paying my obeisance, was received

by

by their highnesses in the most gracious manner. The duke was dressed in blue velvet, with a yellow satin waistcoat, white silk stockings, diamond buckles, the order of the garter, and a feathered hat. The princess was in a close habit like a riding-dress, with the ensigns of the Russian order of St. Catharine. The conversation was short, and turned chiefly about the queen their sister; that they expected every moment an express with the news of her majesty's delivery: and that all preparations had been made to celebrate the happy tidings. Accordingly the guns were drawn out before the palace, and the fireworks were ready. They dropped some compliments concerning my history; and told me, they hoped I should find some amusement in Strelitz. I then returned with the marshal to the antichamber, where I found baron Dewitz. I cannot express the pleasure I felt at seeing this nobleman, for whom I had so profound a respect, from the knowledge I had of his most amiable qualities. So agreeable a sight, in such a distant part of the world, cheered my heart, and inspired me with the most lively sentiments. We had not time to converse much; the baron only told me, in short, that so long as I chused to stay at Strelitz, I was to dine and sup at his highness's table; that he expected me to breakfast always with himself; and that he should be glad to introduce me to his lady, having changed his condition since his return from London. I had been already acquainted by count de Bothmar, that the baron had married a lady of exquisite beauty. In the midst of our conversation the trumpeter sounded, to signify that his highness was going to dinner.

The duke and the princess his sister soon after appeared, holding each other arm in arm, several ladies followed, and the gentlemen leading up the train, they all entered a handsome saloon, where we saw about twenty covers. Before the company sat down, the marshal of the court, with one of the pages, advanced towards the table, while the rest of the company stood round: the page said grace with an audible voice, and then the duke took his place; the princess his sister sat on his right hand, and one of the court ladies on his left. The rest sat down to table without any distinction of persons. Baron Dewitz placed himself opposite the duke and princess, and made me sit next to him, in order to have the opportunity of conversing either with their highnesses or himself with more ease. The company consisted chiefly of the gentlemen of the bed-chamber, the ladies of honour, and the officers on guard. Our entertainment was a soup, with three courses and a desert. Among other varieties there was excellent venison, of which they have great plenty, but they do not seem to be over fond

of it. We had abundance of wines, as French white wine, claret, old-hock, champagne, and burgundy; but their common draught is the French white wine, which when of a proper age, is excellent in its kind. The claret, which they call Pontac, is indifferent; but their burgundy is very good, and I gave it the preference. An officer stands with the liquor on a beaufet in a corner of the hall, where he fills out to the servants: these are the pages, heydukes, footmen, &c. &c. who stand behind the company, and take the glass out of your hand, whenever you present it them for liquor. Some of the gentlemen in waiting always carve, and after helping their highnesses, they send a plateful round to each of the company. The whole is done with great ease, and dispatch. I observed that a page always holds a plate under the duke's glass whenever he drinks. No healths were toasted; this custom being laid aside at great tables, except that the duke drinks to the king and queen of Great-Britain just before he rises from dinner. I had almost forgot to mention to you, that we had very good beer, of his highness's own brewing, which comes from the neighbouring town of Mirow, where her majesty was born. There was also some English beer, which the duke is very fond of; and he has it in bottles from Hamburg. I reckon that dinner lasted about an hour and a half, during which time the whole company conversed with the greatest freedom and hilarity. Their serene highnesses did not sit at the head, but in the middle of the table. When the company had dined, the duke made a signal, and they all arose. The same page again, with the marshal of the court, drew near the table, and returned God thanks, when their highnesses, arm in arm, withdrew to another apartment. They drank coffee standing, which was served by the pages and the heydukes. Thus they conversed near half an hour, during which their serene highnesses and the ladies asked me several questions concerning England. In about half an hour their highnesses retired, and baron Dewitz introduced me, first to his sister and the ladies of honour, and then to most of the officers belonging to the court.

Our limits will not permit us to give farther extracts from this entertaining work. The specimens we have exhibited, are not selected on account of any superiority which they can claim from the rest of the performance, but because we thought their contents, especially those of the last, interesting to an English reader.

IV.

V. *Ecclesiastes, or the Royal Preacher, a Poem. Most humbly inscribed to the King.* 4to. Pr. 6s. Johnston.

THIS work is a poetical paraphrase of Ecclesiastes, which is called in the original *קהלת*. There have been two or three different expositions of the word *ecclesiastes*; but the most plausible and significant is that which is commonly received, viz. *Ecclesiastes, or, the Preacher*.

As this book has been frequently misunderstood and misrepresented, the writer whose performance we are now considering, has taken great pains to clear up the obscurities of the text, and set the whole discourse in a proper light. For this purpose, he has prefixed some observations on the author's design, the regularity of his plan, and the elegance of his composition; and, where there seemed to be any difficulty, he has subjoined some critical and explanatory notes.

Grotius was of opinion, that this book was not the production of Solomon, but of some other person, long after his time, who had been in Chaldea; because there are several Chaldean words in it. Our author does not enquire into the validity of this argument, but adopts the common opinion, that it was composed by Solomon. From a variety of striking circumstances it appears, he thinks, to have been written in his old age, when he is said to have repented of his follies.—For what, continues he, can that expression mean, *of his having found woman more bitter than death*, to whose allurements his apostacy was owing, but the most pungent sorrow for his own wilful blindness?

A modern writer supposes, that we are to look upon this discourse as a lesson of instruction taught by Solomon, or, in other words, published in his name for the people's instruction, long after his decease. According to this hypothesis we are to imagine, that the *soul* of that prince in a separate state, is here preaching to the world. This, he says, is implied in the very title of the book [*Ecclesiastes* with a feminine termination] and that expression, *under the sun*, which is often repeated. He farther observes, that Solomon speaks of himself, as one who formerly existed, and reigned in Jerusalem, *I the preacher was king*.—But our author accounts for the last expression, by supposing, with the generality of commentators, that Solomon being conscious of the abuse of his royal dignity, and ashamed of the scandal his excesses had occasioned, would intimate, by these words, that he now thought himself unworthy of his title, and desired only to be considered under the character of the Preacher.

The

The translator gives the following account of the book, of the plan on which the author proceeds: The subject is the chief or sovereign good, which man, as a rational and accountable being, should propose to himself. As the generality of mankind are disappointed in their pursuits of this desirable end, Solomon, in the first place, shews what is not happiness, and in the next place what it really is. Like a skilful physician, he searches deeply into the latent cause of the malady, and then prescribes a radical cure.

‘In the former disquisition, he enumerates all those particulars which mankind are most apt to fix their hearts upon, and shews, from his own dear-bought experience, and the transient and unsatisfactory nature of the things themselves, that no such thing as solid felicity is to be found in any of them. What he asserts on this head, carries with it the greater weight, as no man upon earth was ever better qualified to speak decisively on such a subject, considering the opportunities he had of enjoying to the utmost, all that this world affords. After having thus cleared away the obstacles to happiness, he enters on the main point, which is to direct us, how and where it may be found. This, he affirms, at the conclusion of the book, where he recapitulates the sum and substance of the whole Sermon, as some not improperly have styled it, consists in a religious and virtuous life, with which, as he frequently intimates, a man, in the lowest circumstances, may be happy, and without which, one in the highest must be miserable. As the whole book tends to this single point, so in discussing thereof, many excellent observations are interspersed, relating to the various duties of life, from the highest to the lowest station, the advantages resulting even from poverty, the genuine use of riches, and extreme folly of abusing them, the unequal dispensations of divine Providence, the immortality of the human soul, and great day of final retribution. All these noble and important subjects are treated of, in such a style and manner, as nothing among the antients can parallel.

‘We have here given the genuine character of this inestimable piece. Yet such has been the ignorance, inattention, or depravity of some persons, that it would be hard to find an instance of any thing written on so serious and interesting a subject, which has been so grossly misrepresented. How often has an handle been taken from certain passages, ill understood and worse applied, to patronize libertinism, by such as pretend to judge of the whole from a single sentence, independent of the rest, without paying the least regard to the general scope and design? According to which rule, the most pious discourse that ever was written, may be perverted to atheism, and the great apostle

apostle of the gentiles himself produced as an advocate for riot and debauchery: *Let us eat and drink, for to-morrow we die.* It has been well observed by a commentator on this book, with respect to these perverted passages, that the picture therein drawn by the preacher, purely to expose vice and folly, is mistaken by such as willingly deceive themselves, for the genuine features and complexion of wisdom itself.

Some fanatics have fallen into the contrary extreme; for, on reading that all here below was vanity, they have been so wrong-headed, as to condemn every thing as evil in itself. This world, according to them, cannot be too bitterly inveighed against, and man has nothing else to do in it, but to spend his days in sighing and mourning. But it is evident that nothing could be farther from the preacher's intention: for notwithstanding he speaks so feelingly of the instability and unsatisfactory nature of all sublunary things, and the vanity of human cares, schemes, and contrivances, yet, lest any one should mistake his meaning, he advises every man, at the same time, to reap the fruit of his honest labours, and take the comfort of what he possesses, with a sober freedom and cheerful spirit, not to harass and disturb his mind with anxious cares and restless sollicitudes about future events, but to pass the short space which heaven has allotted him here, as pleasantly as his station will admit, with a quiet conscience. He does not condemn the things themselves, such as science, prudence, mirth, riches, honours, &c. but only their abuse, that is, the useless studies, unreasonable pursuits, and immoderate desires of those who pervert God's blessings to their own destruction.

On this head Solomon gives his sentiments, not only as a divine and philosopher, but like one thoroughly acquainted with the foibles of the human heart. It was not his design to drive people out of the world, nor to make them live wretchedly in it, but only that they should think and act like rational creatures, or, in other words, be induced to consult their own happiness. This, without dispute, is what we are to understand on our being exhorted *to fly from, or hate the world*; for what can this expression mean, either in the Scripture style, or, indeed, in the style of common sense, but that we should keep our passions within due restraint, and not expect from the world more than it can possibly afford us? As it was made for man's use, so it cannot be enjoyed without cheerfulness, which, we are told, is so far from being inconsistent with piety, that it is the natural consequence of it. This point, a mistake in which would be extremely pernicious, if not destructive to society, is frequently touched on, inasmuch, that when he is discoursing on the most serious and alarming topics, such as death and a

future judgment, he forgets not to remind us, at the same time; that religion does not consist in gloominess and melancholy, nor require any one to deprive himself of the common recreations of life. Among the many remarkable instances of this kind, nothing can be more striking than that beautiful passage in the ninth chapter, where, after having most emphatically described the land of darkness, where all things are forgotten, in order to remove the doleful impression which so sad a subject must naturally raise, he breaks out, all on a sudden, into such a strain of gaiety, as can scarce escape the most cursory reader's observation.

‘ From every one of these passages, particularly the last, it appears, that, though Solomon looked on human life as a scene of vanity at best, yet still he thought, that a well-disposed mind might support its burdens, not only with ease but comfort, and therefore so frequently points out the singular advantages which result even here, from a pious, sober, and regular deportment, and how we may acquire that inward peace and tranquillity, which alone can render life desirable, and make us have a true relish of its enjoyments. There are, without doubt, calamities enough in the world to wean us from an over fondness to it, in so much, that no wise man would chuse to stay always in it; yet still it has a sufficient store of blessings to enable us to pass through it with tolerable cheerfulness, would we learn to make a proper use of them. This great connoisseur of human nature would not have us to be always laughing, with Democritus, nor always weeping, with Heraclitus; but as, on some occasions, to be very serious, so, on others, to indulge social mirth with more than ordinary freedom, provided we keep within the bounds of reason and moderation. This, as we before hinted, is the peculiar characteristic of the book of Ecclesiastes, whereby it is distinguished from all other moral discourses; and this, it must be granted, is a far more effectual method of promoting religion, than drawing so hideous and shocking a picture of it, as some have done.’

To prevent all misapprehensions, which a slight and cursory reading of this book is apt to raise in many persons, our author recommends the following cautions: first, to make a proper distinction between the doubts and objections of others, and the answers of Solomon; secondly, not to judge of the entire discourse from some parts of it; but to form our opinions from the different circumstances of the matter treated of, comparing the antecedent with the consequent passages, and always considering the preacher's real scope and design—By attending to these rules, this book, he says, will be seen in a very different light,

light, from that in which it appears to the generality of readers.

As a specimen of this writer's performance, we shall give our readers his paraphrase of Solomon's admirable description of the infirmities of old age, in the beginning of the twelfth chapter.

——— Early, my son, begin
To think of thy Creator : in the bloom
Of life, with reverential awe reflect,
That all the various blessings here bestow'd,
And ev'n thy own existence, are deriv'd
From his paternal love. Let this great truth,
Deep-rooted in thy soul, its influence shed,
And guide thy wand'ring steps to virtue's paths.
That frame, in which thou gloriest, so robust
And vig'rous, will not always last : Old age
Steals on apace, and, with its chilling frost,
Will freeze th' impetuous current in thy blood,
And ev'ry pleasure, which now charms, will lose
Its relish. Wilt thou dedicate the dregs
Of life to him ? 'Till then, th' important work
Defer, when feeble grown, with maladies
O'erwhelm'd, a burthen to thy dearest friends,
And weary of thyself ? Remember this,
Ere reason's light be quench'd, and mem'ry fail ;
Ere all thine intellectual pow'rs, decay'd,
Or sunk in dotage, can no more exert
Their wonted functions. In that doleful hour,
To thee in vain the sun will shine by day,
The moon and stars by night ; each beauteous scene
Irkfome or disregarded ; all around
Gloomy and sad. The harbingers of death,
With fierce attack on ev'ry side, scarce grant
A moment's respite : for, as big-swol'n clouds,
Just emptied, strait begin to low'r again,
And heavier show'rs pour down ; so thy complaints
In constant rounds of grief and pain succeed,
And still increase. Is this a season fit
Religious duties to commence, and raise
Those hands to heav'n, which, tho' by nature form'd
To guard thy brittle mansion and supply
Its wants, with paralytic tremors seiz'd,
Enervate hang ? When the firm columns bend
Beneath its weight, unable to support
The tott'ring fabrick ? When the mill, worn out
By all consuming time, no more can grind,
Nor for the pining inmate food prepare ?

Ev'n those, who on the lofty watch-tow'r sat,
 And, through the windows of the soul, survey'd
 Far distant objects, now too dim are grown
 The nearest to discern. Is this a time
 With heav'n to gain acceptance, when thy plaints,
 Tiresome to thine associates, and abhorr'd
 Thine ailments, feeble, low, and tremulous
 Thy voice (tho' once so loud) that none can hear,
 From public intercourse exclude? Behold!
 Thy lips, the two-leav'd doors without, are clos'd,
 And each internal passage, or denies
 Admittance, or refuses to convey
 Such due supplies as languid nature craves.
 Nor can the wretch, as he was wont, recruit
 Himself with strength; stranger to sleep, he starts
 From his loath'd couch at earliest dawn, to change
 The scene of woes; and, whilst in softest notes
 The feather'd choir begin t' express their joy,
 Pensive and sad renews his plaints: for now
 Music itself hath lost its charms; no more
 The sweetest voice, or tuneful instrument,
 Affect the deafen'd ear. Far now are fled
 Each mild and tranquil passion; none remain
 But such as harass and torment the mind,
 And shake its crazy mansion: Fear presides
 In chief, and, from his weakness, gathers strength;
 Tho' nothing once could daunt, yet now alarm'd
 At ev'ry shadow, and with terror seiz'd,
 And dark forebodings, where no danger threatens.
 With tott'ring pace he moves, and pants for breath
 At ev'ry step; to him the smoothest path
 Seems rugged. Thus enfeebled, not unlike
 To early blossoms of an almond-tree,
 The hoary honours of his head shall fall,
 And baldness leave. The dull grasshopper, late
 So active, gay, and sprightly, to itself
 A pond'rous burden grown, wrinkled its skin,
 Of ugly hue, distorted limbs, its flesh
 Worn to the bones, which far protrude, it crawls,
 And drags with pain its weight. The sensual flame,
 That flame which glow'd so fierce within the breast,
 Entirely quench'd, cold, impotent, and dead
 To beauties charms. How short an interval
 Betwixt this transient state, and that long home
 Allotted to the sons of men! Ev'n now
 Thy mourning friends the fun'ral rites prepare,

Will

Will soon bear out the breathless corse, and pay
The tribute of their sorrows o'er thy grave:
For warmest friendship then can do no more.

'Poor unreflecting wretch! 'Tis now too late
To think of thy Creator, when thou hast
Forgot thyself, and like an harp unstrung,
Which to obey the skilful artist's touch
Refuses, ev'ry organ of the soul
Is grown quite useless; when the silver cord,
Which held the frail machine in strict embrace,
And, swift as thought, to ev'ry nerve convey'd
The subtle animating flame, relax'd,
Hangs like a slacken'd bow string, which no more
The pointed shaft can send. Well may the streams
And riv'lets cease to flow, when ev'n the spring
Of sense and motion fails; for now alas!
The precious golden bowl itself, of frame
Stupendous, or shrunk up, or overstretch'd,
No longer can, with fresh recruit, supply
Th' exhausted spirits. Gasping nature sighs
In vain for succour. At the fountain-head,
The shatter'd pitcher can no more receive
The vital fluid; nor the circling wheel
Raise from its reservoir, and swift repel
The purple current thence to parts remote.

'Long had the king of terrors laid close siege
And ev'ry outwork seiz'd: now rushing in,
With merciless rage he storms the fort of life.
Tho' indispos'd for mutual help, yet loth
To part, the dear associates now are torn
Reluctant from their cold embrace: the house
Is fall'n, nor to its inmate can afford
A moment's shelter; all around it lies
An heap of ruins. To its native dust
This earthly frame returns: the heav'nly spark,
That glow'd within, kindled by breath divine,
Instant returns to God. What phrenzy, then,
To let this world, which fleeteth like a shade,
Engage our cares, and no provision make
For that which ever lasts? Ye thoughtless, hear
My words, and let the Preacher's voice incline
Your hearts to wisdom.'——

Prior, in his poem intitled *Solomon, or, the Vanity of the World*, has many noble images and reflections which he has extracted from Ecclesiastes. His performance is deservedly admired; but it gives us no idea of the scope and reasoning of the

198 *Llewelyn's Account of the Welsh Editions of the Bible.*

royal preacher: the poet has pursued a plan of his own invention.—But the writer now before us has followed the author through all his arguments and transitions, and has given us an uniform, and, upon the whole, an agreeable view of this venerable monument of antiquity.

VI. *An historical Account of the British or Welsh Versions and Editions of the Bible. With an Appendix, containing the Dedications prefixed to the first Impressions. By Thomas Llewelyn, LL. D. 8vo. Pr. 2s. Buckland.*

DR. Llewelyn begins his enquiry in the reign of Henry VIII. and brings it down to the present time. His principal intention is to represent the scarcity of British Bibles in the principality of Wales, and to procure a supply adequate to the wants, at least to the demands, of the inhabitants.

“During the sixteenth century, when Bibles became plentiful in England, they had (he says) in Wales, but one impression of the New Testament* in quarto, and one of the whole Bible† in folio; and probably neither of them numerous. They had no Bible of a portable size, and of easy purchase, for near one hundred years after the Reformation. They had but two folio‡ and four octavo|| impressions, in all the seventeenth, and till a good way in the eighteenth, century. The whole

* The New Testament was translated into the British tongue by William Salesbury, and others, and printed in the year 1567.

† W. Morgan, D. D. (bishop of St. Asaph in 1601) for the first time since the Reformation, translated, at least had the principal hand in translating, the Old Testament and the Apocrypha into Welsh. He likewise revised and corrected the former version of the New Testament, and had them printed together in 1588.

‡ In the reign of James I. the translation of the Old and New Testament underwent the examination and correction of Dr. Richard Parry (Morgan's successor in the see of St. Asaph), and was printed in the year 1620. This corrected or new version of the British Bible is much the same with that in use at this day. The copy which was presented to the king, is now preserved in the British Museum. There has been but one more folio impression of this book, and that was printed at Oxford in 1690, on a good Roman character, and is sometimes called bishop Lloyd's Bible, as he is supposed to have had some concern in its publication.

|| The first octavo edition was printed in 1630, the second in 1654, the third in 1678, and the fourth in 1690.

number

number contained in these several impressions might amount to about thirty thousand Bibles; which, if they had come out all together, and were divided among three hundred thousand inhabitants, would be only one book between half a score persons. But that would be a wrong method of calculation in this case. This may be the sum of what came out at different periods, during one hundred and fifty years. Some part of which time, there might not be as many Bibles as parishes: and perhaps no single supply before this century yielded more than at the rate of ten books, some of them probably not above five books, for a parish.

'The state of things at present is different. There have been four impressions * within the space of the last fifty years; two of them very numerous, containing as many as all the editions before 1700. But still there is not the plenty, nor the variety, enjoyed in other parts of the kingdom.

'Since the year 1746, no less than thirty thousand Bibles have been printed. In the present year, and some years back, that is, in twenty years time and under, they are all taken up, and not a book left for sale. Inquiry has been made in London, and not one is to be found, nor any in the country, except by accident. Now this is at the rate of fifteen hundred books per annum. Should the stated demand be only two-thirds, or but one-half of that number, even that would be considerable; and it may be imagined worth any one's while to attempt to satisfy.'

But to any provision whatever, of this kind, for the inhabitants of Wales, it is objected, 'That it would be the best way to prevail with them to neglect and forget their mother-tongue; to learn and become well acquainted with the English language; and thus in time become of one speech, and more entirely one people with the rest of their fellow-subjects.'

This seems to be the wish and desire of many at present; and this seems to have been the aim and intention of the government ever since the Reformation. In answer to this objection, Dr. Llewelyn attempts to shew, that the end here intended is insignificant; that the measures proposed are improper and inefficacious, supposing the end important; and that there are other methods more suitable, and likely to be more effectual.

In this dispute, it will readily be allowed, that it signifies nothing to a person residing in Scotland, in Yorkshire, in Lon-

* Viz. in 1718, 1727, 1746, and 1752; all in octavo. The New Testament has been four times separately printed during the last and the present century.

don, or even in Bristol, whether the inhabitants of Ysbyrid-Faur, or of Pen-Man-Maur, talk Welsh or any other language to their own families or neighbours; and that a Cambro-Briton may mind his farm and his merchandize (if he has any), may sow his corn and bring home his harvest, may live as long, and do as much good, with only his own mother-tongue, as if he had twenty tongues besides. Yet certainly the general use of the English language in Wales might be attended with many advantages to the inhabitants. It might be the means of introducing books of all kinds, and consequently better notions of christianity, more learning and taste, more arts and sciences, than are to be found at present in many parts of that obscure and barbarous province; and would at once obviate all complaints arising from the scarcity of British Bibles.

Since the commencement of this century, the Welsh tongue has lost, and the English has gained ground, more than in any other period of the same duration. But this, as Dr. Llewelyn has observed, is owing to the present good understanding and friendship, the daily intercourse, and reciprocation of benefits happily subsisting between the two nations. To use any violent measures, to withhold the Scriptures from the people of Wales, till they can understand them in another language, would be an ineffectual method of proceeding, and utterly inconsistent with the principles of christians and protestants. Let the Welsh enjoy their Bibles in their native tongue; and as they begin to be acquainted with politer life, their interest and connection with the people of England will insensibly produce an uniformity of language, and every end proposed.

For the Bibles which have been printed in the course of this century, Wales has been chiefly indebted to the Society for promoting Christian Knowledge, and this writer seems to build some farther expectations on the charitable disposition of the times.

His remonstrances, we hope, will be received with due regard and attention in England. But in this age, we should expect to see the gentlemen of the principality exerting themselves with vigor and a spirit of patriotism; promoting literature, arts, and sciences, in their native country; at least taking care, that their brethren be not left in a state of heathenism, and, like uncultivated barbarians in the wilds of America, dependent on charitable contributions for their spiritual food.

For this sensible and patriotic work the author deserves the thanks of his countrymen.

which just catch your attention and they sketch out the way to the triumph arch, unapproach. This structure is in a beautiful taste, and finished in an elegant manner; it is extremely light, and

VII. *A Six Weeks Tour through the Southern Counties of England and Wales, describing particularly, 1. The present State of Agriculture and Manufactures. 2. The different Methods of cultivating the Soil. 3. The Success attending some late Experiments on various Grasses, &c. 4. The various Prices of Labour and Provisions. 5. The State of the working Poor in those Counties, wherein the Riots were most remarkable. With Descriptions and Models of such new invented Implements of Husbandry as deserve to be generally known: Interspersed with Accounts of the Seats of the Nobility and Gentry, and other Objects worthy of Notice. In several Letters to a Friend. By the Author of the 'Farmer's Letters.'* 8vo. Pr. 4s. Nichol.

THE improvements which are daily made in agriculture, are such as seem to give a refflorescence to Nature; so that she may say with Anacreon,

'Whether I am old or no,
By th' effects I do not know.'

The true philosophy of agriculture, like that of Newton, depends upon facts; and we consider the stages made by this author in his *Six Weeks Tour* as a course of experiments for improving this most antient and useful of all the arts. We apprehend that every man in England who is concerned in farming, and understands his own interest, will make himself master of the agricultural observations in this work; any extracts therefore from that part of it, would be as useless to them, as they would seem tasteless to others.

There is, however, another division of this excellent publication, which recommends itself to readers of every denomination; we mean the author's descriptions of, and observations upon, the beauties of art and nature which fall in with his *Tour*. How well our traveller is qualified as a critic in architecture, may be judged by his account of *Holkam*, which we shall lay before the reader, because, if we mistake not, it is as yet what is called a *non-descript*.

'*Holkam*, the celebrated house of the countess of Leicester, built by the late earl, cannot be viewed with too much attention. I was informed that it appeared by much the most magnificent when entered by the southern approach, and therefore went a small round for that advantage; nor did I in the least repent it. The first objects are a few small clumps of trees, which just catch your attention, and give you warning of an approach: they sketch out the way to the triumphal arch, under which the road runs. This structure is in a beautiful taste, and finished in an elegant manner; it is extremely light, and the

the white flint rustics have a fine effect. A narrow plantation on each side a broad vists, leads from hence to the obelisk, a mile and a half: this plantation, I should observe, ought to be much broader, for you see the light through many parts of it; but I apprehend it only a sketch of what the late earl designed, and not meant as complete. At the bottom of the hill, on which the obelisk stands, are the two porters lodges, small, but very neat structures. Rising with the hill, you approach the obelisk, through a very fine plantation; and nothing can be attended with a better effect, than the vists opening at once. There are eight. 1. To the south front of the house. 2. To Holkam church, on the top of a steep hill, covered with wood; a most beautiful object. 3. To the town of Wells, a parcel of scattered houses appearing in the wood. 4. To the triumphal arch:—the rest to distant plantations. Vists are by no means the taste of the present age; but such a genius as lord Leicester might be allowed to deviate from fashion in favour of beauty and propriety. Nothing can be more regular than the front of a great house, the approach to it ought therefore to partake of this regularity: because strait cuts are out of fashion, it would be an absurdity to take a winding course to the house door, for the sake of catching objects assant, and irregularly: such management is to the full in as false a taste, as regular cuts where the house is out of the question. For instance, those from the temple at Holkam, which, however, command exceedingly beautiful objects; amongst others, Wells church—the lake in the park, which is seen from hence through some spreading trees in a most picturesque manner—A planted hill—The sea—and the rest, distant plantations.

The house may be said to consist of five quadrangles, the center, and the four wings:—Not that they are squares, but I use the term to give you a general idea. Each of the two fronts thereof present a center and two wings. That to the south, and the grand approach, is as beautiful, light, airy, (excuse tautology) and elegant a building as can be viewed. The portico is in a fine taste, and the Corinthian pillars beautifully proportioned. This central front in every respect that can be named, appears all lightness, elegance, and proportion:—But when you advance near, you find no entrance to the house; there are no stairs up to the portico; and this circumstance, after so fine an approach, and so long seeing the portico, and expecting it to be the entrance, becomes a disappointment, and a fault in the building.

I have spoke hitherto of the central front alone. The whole, including the two wings, I cannot think so perfect; for, to me at least, there appears a great want of unity. The seve-

al parts are not so nicely connected as to form one whole. The center must be seen distinct, each wing the same; and likewise the small parts (I know not what to call them) which join the center to the wings. These are all distinct parts, though joined together; nor is there any similitude of taste between the center and the wings. All the pieces of this front are light and elegant to a great degree; but when considered as the connected parts of one whole, the want of unity is striking. The center is uniform, and, if I may be allowed the expression, elegantly magnificent: no building can deserve these epithets more than this; but I cannot apply them to the whole front, because the parts are not of a uniform taste, and the wings are at best but light and elegant; they have nothing magnificent in them: as to the joining pieces, they are pretty.—The south front consists of one row of Venetian windows, over another of common sashes in the rustics. This front does not please me so well as the south one, but it is by far more of a piece with the wings, &c.

Will you excuse these criticisms from one who knows nothing of architecture, but its power of pleasing the taste of individuals—As one among the many, I give you my opinion, but I wish you would pass over all these parts of my letters, till you see the objects yourself, for I cannot give you an idea of the buildings clear enough by description for you to see the propriety or absurdity of my remarks.

But the inside of the house! say you—Aye, my friend, there lies the *forte* of Holkam; talk not, ye admirers by wholesale, of the fronts—contrivance must have been the characteristic of lord Leicester; for so convenient a house does not exist—so admirably adapted to the English way of living, and so ready to be applied to the grand or the comfortable stile of life.

You enter what they call the great hall, but what is in reality a passage. It is called a cube of 48 feet; but eighteen very large and magnificent Corinthian pillars, having their pedestals rested on a marble passage around it, and eight or ten feet high from the ground, the area at bottom is but an oblong passage, walled in with Derbyshire marble, and upon that wall are the pillars, six in a line on each side, and six in front in a semi-circle around a flight of steps up to the saloon door. The passage or gallery, as it may be called, runs around these pillars, and both together take up so much room that all sort of proportion is lost; to look from it into the area, it appears exactly like a bath. The south front was one proof, and this hall is another, that the architect's genius was not of the magnificent or sublime stamp, for in both he aimed at greatness;

ness; the impression of the front is varied and consequently weakened by the wings, and the want of proportion in the hall ruins the vast effect which would otherwise attend the magnificence of such pillars so nobly arranged; but in the elegant, the pleasing, the agreeable, his taste has never failed throughout the whole building.—The hall is entirely of Derbyshire marble.

The saloon is 42 feet by 27, a proportion much condemned, but it is by no means displeasing to me. Some call it a gallery; and I think a gallery is infinitely preferable to a cube, or to any proportion near a square enormously high: one of the finest rooms in England is the double cube at Wilton, which is more of a gallery than the saloon at Holkam, and yet no one ever entered it without being struck with the justness of the proportions.—This saloon is hung with crimson caffoy; the pier glasses small on account of the narrowness of the piers, each against a pillar of the portico, but in a very elegant taste. The rooms to the left of the saloon are, first, a drawing room 33 by 22, hung with crimson caffoy. The pier glasses very large and exceedingly elegant: the agate tables beautiful beyond description. From thence we entered the landscape room, which is a dressing-room to the state bed-chamber; it is 24 by 22, hung with crimson damask; a passage-room leads to the anti-room to the chapel, and then into the state gallery. The walls are of Derbyshire marble; the altar and all the decorations in a very fine taste. Returning to the landscape room, you pass into the state bed-chamber, 30 by 24, which is fitted up in a most elegant taste. It is hung with French tapestry, except between the piers, which is by Mr. Saunders of Soho-square, the colours of the whole exceedingly brilliant. The bed is a cut velvet, upon a white satin ground, and as it appears in common is a very handsome gilt settee, but under a canopy of state: the design of this bed is equal to anything you ever saw. The chimney-piece remarkably beautiful; Pelicans in white marble. The next apartment is lady Leicester's, consisting of a bed-chamber, dressing-room, closet with books, and a smaller one. The bed-chamber 24 by 22, purple damask, French chairs of Chiffel-street velvet tapestry; the chimney-piece a bass rel of white marble finely polished. The dressing-room 28 by 24, hung with blue damask. So much for the suite of rooms to the left of the hall and saloon.

On the other side you enter from the latter, another drawing-room 33 by 22, hung with a crimson flowered velvet. The glasses, tables, and chimney-pieces are well worthy of your attention. From this room you enter the statue gallery; which I think, is, without exception, the most beautiful room I ever beheld.

beheld: the dimensions are to the eye proportion itself—nothing offends the most criticising. It consists of a middle part 70 feet by 22, and at each end an octagon of 22, open to the center by an arch; in one are compartments with books, and in the other statues: those in the principal part of the gallery stand in niches in the wall, along one side of the room, on each side the chimney piece. Observe in particular the Diana, the figure is extremely fine, and the arms inimitably turned. The Venus in wet drapery is likewise exquisite; nothing can exceed the manner in which the form of the limbs is seen through the cloathing. The slabs are very fine; the ceiling, the only plain one in the house (they are all gilt fret-work and mosaic) not accidentally; it appears to me a stroke of propriety and true taste.

The entrance I have already mentioned from the drawing-room is into one octagon, and out of the other opens the door in to the dining-room, a cube of 28 feet, with a large recess for the sideboard, and two chimney-pieces exceedingly elegant; one a sow and pigs and wolf, the other a bear and bee-hives, finely done in white marble; the nose of the sow was broke off by a too common misapplication of sense, feeling instead of seeing; John, to an object of sight, presents his fist or his horse-whip. Returning into the statue gallery, one octagon leads in to the strangers wing, and the other to the late earl's apartment: consisting of, 1. The anti-room. 2. His lordship's dressing-room. 3. The library, 50 by 21, and exceedingly elegant. 4. Her ladyship's dressing-room. 5. The bed-chamber. 6. A closet with books. The rooms are about 22 by 20. The strangers wing consists of, anti chamber—dressing-room—bed-chamber—closet, with books—bed-chamber—dressing room—bed-chamber—dressing-room. The fitting up of the whole house, in all particulars not mentioned, is in the most beautiful taste, the Venetian windows beyond any you ever beheld; ornamented with magnificent pillars, and a profusion of gilding.

But now, sir, let me come to what of all other circumstances is in Holkam infinitely the most striking, and what renders it so particularly superior to all the great houses in the kingdom—convenience. In the first place, with the state apartments—From the hall to the saloon, on each side a drawing-room, through one of them to the state-dressing-room and bed-chamber: this is perfectly complete. Through the other drawing-room to the statue gallery, which may be called the rendezvous-room, and connects a number of apartments together, in an admirable manner; for one octagon opens into the private wing, and the other into the stran-

gers

gers on one side, and into the dining-room on the other. This dining-room is on one side of the hall, on the other is lady Leicester's dressing-room; and through that her bed-chamber and closets. From the recess in the dining room, opens a little door on to a stair-case, which leads immediately to the offices; and I should likewise tell you, that in the center of the wings, by the center of the house, by the saloon door, and behind lady L——'s closet, are stair-cases quite unseen, which communicate with all the rooms, and lead down into the offices.— I say *down*; for the hall is the only room seen on the ground-floor; you step directly from a coach into it, without any quarry of winding steps to wet a lady to the skin before she gets under cover. From the hall you rise to the saloon, or first floor, and there is no attick. Thus you perceive there are four general apartments, which are all distinct from each, with no reciprocal thoroughfares;—the state—her ladyship's—the late earl's—and the strangers wing. These severally open into what may be called common rooms, the hall, statue-gallery, and saloon, and all immediately communicate with the dining-room. There may be houses larger, and more magnificent, but human genius can never contrive any thing more convenient.'

We are sorry our limits will not permit us to quote this writer's sentiments on the paintings, statues, and other curiosities he describes. His observations are thrown out with great freedom, and, we believe, justice; nor do we recollect any work of the kind in which the *utile duci* is more literally and more happily blended.

VIII. *Original Pieces, concerning the present Situation of the Protestants and Greeks in Poland. Wherein are contained, The Explanation of their Rights published by the Court of Russia: The Articles of the Peace of Oliva: The Confederacies of the Dissidents, and the Declarations of the Protestant Courts in their Favour: The Speeches of the Bishop of Cracovia and the Pope's Nuncio: The Constitutions of the Diet of 1766: And the Articles of the College of the Bishops allowed to the Dissidents, &c. &c. &c. Translated from the Originals. 8vo. Pr. 2s. 6d. Baker.*

THESE Pieces are introduced by a very sensible preface, explaining the hardships and injustice which have been inflicted upon the Dissidents of Poland. We there see that the Dissidents (by whom are meant the protestants and the Greeks) had their privileges established by the fundamental laws passed in 1572; and that these rights were confirmed by the treaty of Oliva in 1660, which was guarantied by the principal powers of

of Europe. The Dissidents were then more numerous, especially in the senate, than the Roman catholics; but many circumstances concurred in favour of the latter. Stanislaus III. reigned forty-five years; and as senatorships, as well as starosties, are not hereditary, but granted by the king, that prince took care to fill up all the vacancies in the senate with Roman catholics; though at this time even a protestant was not excluded from the royal dignity: a primate, however, asserted the contrary, in a speech which he pronounced in 1633.

Intermarriages with Roman catholics is another cause of the decrease of the Dissident party: for it seems the clergy of that persuasion, in such cases, generally got the education of their children. The practices of the Roman catholics upon the Dissidents, when they were upon a sick bed, by forcing, in a manner, their religion and sacraments upon the unhappy patient, is another reason assigned for the weakness of the Dissidents in Poland. If the party recovered and recanted, he was obliged to bid an eternal farewell to his country, and all his worldly possessions in it. By these and such like means (says this editor) used by the Roman catholic party, the once numerous protestant nobility is so far diminished, that the remains of them amount to little more than two hundred families, whom they endeavour to exclude from all offices, and to take from them almost all the privileges that belong to their dignity.

The editor next complains of the violence and subtility of the Roman catholic Poles in matters of religion, and of their clergy having usurped to themselves a sort of jurisdiction over the Dissidents, which is denied to them by the laws. asserts, 'that the Dissidents are judged by their tribunals even contrary to the laws; and that the Roman catholics do not mind the interdicts of the diet, to which all ecclesiastical causes of the protestants solely belong.' The Roman catholics in like manner took possession of all the churches and schools, and spared no pains in inflaming the protestant divines against each other; in which it appears they were very successful.

In the same manner (says our editor) it was insisted upon, and obtained at the diet held in 1658, that the Socinians should be exiled; and as soon as this was done, it was said, that the Arians, Socinians, Calvinists, Lutherans, Quakers, and Mennonites (against these two last indeed there are some laws) all belonged to one and the same class. And notwithstanding all the remonstrances that were made thereupon by the protestants, the laws against the Socinians were unjustly extended to them; and to this very hour, endeavours are made to maintain this, in every respect, before the tribunals, (banishment only excepted)

cepted) although it be forbidden by the express laws of the realm.

‘ In the last century many hardships were put on the protestants, which were, however, looked upon as unjust and against law; but in the present century they have proceeded so far as to make laws against the Dissidents, in order to prosecute them, in process of time, by the aid of the secular power, and that under an appearance of justice: this began in the year 1717.’

The editor then proceeds to explain the wrongs which had been done in late times to the Dissidents, in the diet which concluded the peace between the czar, king Augustus II. and the republic, when the fourth article was inserted as explanatory of the constitution of 1632; by falsely presupposing, that therein the Dissidents, in Poland, were forbidden to build churches, after the year 1632. Upon this it was ordered, that all churches which had been built after that year, should be pulled down; and that divine worship should be allowed to be performed in churches only which were anterior to that date; and that those nobles who kept ministers in their houses, should, as well as the ministers themselves, be punished, by fines, imprisonments, and banishments.

He next lays open all the other hardships under which the Dissidents groaned, down to the present reign. In 1736 (not to mention the bloody affair of Thorn) they were excluded from all public offices; and in case they implored the intercession of a foreign power, they were declared to be traitors to their country, notwithstanding those very foreign powers are the guarantees of the peace of Oliva.

In the diet of 1766, the Dissidents presented petitions to the king, which were seconded by memorials of the Russian and other ambassadors; ‘ but the bishop of Cracow stirred up the coals of dissension, and inflamed the minds of men against it: He brought on the carpet all the obsolete laws, whereby heretics are declared infamous, and are sentenced to go to prison, and to the place of execution. The popish legate spoke with such bitterness, that had he been present at the diet of Ratibon, he could not have spoke with more acrimony and contempt against Luther himself. The conclusion of the diet, as may well be imagined, was against the Dissidents; and they were hereupon delivered over into the hands of the bishops, who cannot be said to have any jurisdiction over them.

‘ To the foreign ambassadors, in order to colour over what had been done, a declaration was delivered to this effect: “ That the Dissidents should be maintained in their liberties, according to the constitution of the years 1717, 1736, and 1764; and that

that the bishops should regulate the affairs of the Dissidents? Which was nothing less than delivering them up into the hands of merciless enemies: just as the king of France might be supposed to protect the Huguenots, by virtue of the repeal of the edict of Nantes.

‘ Hitherto had all mild means been made use of by the Dissidents; so that there was now no other expedient left for them, than to enter into a confederacy among themselves; which they did in the beginning of this present year. Russia promised effectual protection to the confederacy: Prussia, England, Denmark, and Sweden, approved of it, and declared themselves in favour of the same. The Roman catholics themselves, those who usually pass under the denomination of Malcontents, encouraged by their example, confederated likewise against several political innovations, and inserted an article in their confederacy, wherein they acknowledged the justice of that of the Dissidents; consenting moreover that the Dissidents petition to the king, in 1766, should make a constituent part of the confederacy. They also promised that they would do their endeavours, at the next diet, that the Dissidents might obtain the enjoyment of equal privileges, in all respects, with the Roman catholics, as they had been allowed them in former times.

‘ This confederacy of the malcontents hath been subscribed to by the greatest part of the kingdom, and the bishops themselves have accepted of it; though in words that are ambiguous. The present diet will enquire into this matter, and determine it.

‘ And now, where is the heart endowed with reason and sensibility, which would not wish and pray, that God may hear the sighs of those that have groaned, so long, under oppressions which they have so innocently suffered; and that He may incline all hearts to peace and brotherly love; which are the genuine characteristics of the true faith, and of true Christianity!’—

As to the collection of papers contained in this publication, they are mere matters of state and policy; nor are we sufficiently apprized of the facts to pass any judgment upon them; not to mention that they are so inaccurately translated, as in some places to be unintelligible.

IX. *The Adventures of Miss Lucy Watson. A Novel.* 12mo.
Pr. 2s. 6d. Nicoll.

ANOTHER epistolary novel! — Yes, and in the Magdalen stile too. — This penitent prostitute is the very Roxana of sentiment, and at last falls a victim to the virtue
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which she had for years sacrificed to — Can't you guess, reader? — A man, to be sure; — a sir Edward Mansel, a great chess-player, and possessed of a large fortune. Our heroine had been educated with the greatest tenderness and affection by her parents, till they had a son, and then she was neglected. When the father and mother went to London, she was left in the country under the care of a woman *who was neither good nor bad*, and sir Edward took that opportunity to triumph over her virtue. — The Ranelagh fashion; — the same round for ever, — Raptures at first, then fondness; next respect, and at last — indifference; — the revolving fate of almost every betrayed maiden. Sir Edward, however, does not proceed to loathing; and then to quarrelling. Though he is resolved to marry lady Mary Sion (a gambler herself, and involved with a gang of the same kind) and actually does wed her, yet he behaves decently towards Miss Watson, and offers one of his dependents 300*l.* a year as her marriage fortune. — Our heroine, finding how matters went, proves untractable, leaves the house where her gallant had placed her, with all her jewels, presents, and money; and with only the cloaths that covered her she desperately sallies into the fields, where she passionately bewails her fate.

The *nodus*, as Horace says, now becomes *dignus vindice*; for we cannot conceive what the poor girl could have done, to avoid perishing with cold and hunger, if a god had not, at the very nick of time, presented himself in the form of Mr. Thomas, the parson of the parish, who prevails on her with difficulty to go to his house, where she is kindly entertained. — Here the plot upon the remains of Miss Watson's virtue and beauty (for you cannot, reader, be ignorant all this time that her charms are irresistible) thickens. Jefferson, sir Edward's dependent, courts her under the name of Bayning; he is rejected, and she goes into the company and service of one Mrs. Strange, a lady lately arrived in the neighbourhood. She is next sent to London by her mistress, to bring down two of her nieces to the country. We ought, perhaps, to have observed, that our heroine had a daughter by sir Edward, and that she was boarded in the village. The post chaise carries her to London, but sets her down at a rank bawdy-house, where she finds not only her *virtu* in danger, but herself a prisoner. As we have several times, in the course of this work, described the situation, the stormings, the ravings, swoonings, &c. &c. of *virtuous* ladies under such predicaments, any one of those descriptions will answer Miss Watson's condition and behaviour. — By-and-by, Mrs. Strange appears to be lady Mary Sion, who had thus disguised herself

herself to prevent sir Edward from marrying our heroine, and in conjunction with Jefferson and other infernal agents, had planned the whole. Mrs. Strange presents herself with Miss Watson's daughter in her hand, and threatens to murder her if she did not instantly consent to marry Jefferson, who is likewise present, and passionately tenders her his hand.—After many struggles, poor Lucy is forced to consent.—Now, reader, judge whether we have not with propriety stiled her a *heroine*.—Just as the new married couple are undressing for bed, the bride claps her child under her arm, catches hold of the bridegroom's sword, draws it, and fairly fights her way out of the house, till, after various dangers and difficulties, she gets into the Exeter machine. After this, she undergoes every species of misery, beggary, insanity, and distress; all which she chuses to suffer rather than form any farther connections with mankind:—at last she gives up the ghost under her afflictions.

Though the author has not deviated in his story from the common plans of such publications, yet he has introduced three new characters, which seem to be whimsical, but may be found in life. Sir Edward, a man of tolerable sense, and a votary of Venus, is distractedly fond of chess, and forms all his ideas of female, as well as male, characters according as they stand affected to his favourite diversion. Miss Charlton, our heroine's friend and correspondent, a lively, virtuous, sensible girl, is smitten with the rage of perpetually employing the words *originality*, *character*, and *characteristic*, and descanting upon their properties; though she appears to know nothing, or next to nothing, of their meaning. The third character (which is well supported) is that of Cary, one of the gang, but a great projector, who is very earnest with his friend Jefferson to purchase an estate in the cheap island of Tobago, where for a trifle (which he calculates with great precision) he may rear all the products of the Dutch Spice Islands, and, in a very short time, gain twenty or thirty thousand pounds a year.

As to the plot and management, the former is tolerable, but the latter confused and execrable. Had the author cancelled some of the villainous scenes and characters, and stuck close to nature in the distresses of Miss Watson, we think he has powers of writing sufficient to have rendered his piece highly interesting. As it stands, however, we cannot refuse to own that it possesses a considerable degree of merit.

*X. The Unexpected Wedding, in a Series of Letters. Small 8vo.
Pr. 2s. 6d. Becket.*

OLIVIA Rutland is sister to sir Michael Lesley's wife, the amiable Harriot, and tenderly beloved by their friend sir Harry Oswald. She loves him in return, but is such a slave to the spirit of coquetry and the love of female dominion, that she picks a quarrel with him merely to vex him. Her friends know that she tenderly loves him at the same time, and are driven to the absurdity of giving out that he is dead. She believes the report, flies to solitude, and accuses herself most bitterly of inconsistency, levity, and ingratitude. During one of those melancholy hours in a sequestered part of the country, he appears to her, convinces her that he is alive, and endeavours to persuade her, but in vain, that he is intirely innocent of the deceit which has been practised by his friends.

Olivia recovers from her consternation, but relapses into her coquetry, affects violent resentment, and disclaims all connections with sir Harry, who is driven to despair. His mother, who is rich, offers to make such an addition to his fortune as to put it on a level with that of Olivia; but all on a sudden, she informs her sister, and her husband sir Michael, that she is married to lord Edwin, a nobleman of great fortune, and of still greater merit. Lord Edwin's seat is at Ferrar-Grove, in the county of Kent, to which he and lady Edwin most affectionately invite sir Michael Lesley and his lady. They are with great difficulty prevailed on; and after their arrival at Ferrar-Grove, they not only find reason to be satisfied with Olivia's conduct, but press sir Harry to pay a visit likewise to that agreeable mansion. Their request is seconded by lady Bell Hastings, the intimate friend of Olivia, a woman of high quality, virtue, and fortune, whose hand and heart had been long engaged to a noble lord. Sir Harry is at last persuaded, by his friendship for sir Michael, whom lady Bell represents as being dangerously indisposed, to visit Ferrar-Grove. There the denouement is very happily managed. Olivia, in resentment of her having been made the dupe of her lover's pretended death, had prevailed with her friend lady Bell, who actually was married to lord Edwin, to suffer her to assume the character of lady Edwin; and sir Harry is more than agreeably surprized to find his mistress single, faithful, and disposed to gratify his ardent passion, by giving him her hand in marriage.

The chief objection we have to this novel, is the impossibility that those deceits on which the most interested parts of it turn, should be carried on without discovery among people of fortune and fashion, residing near, and corresponding with, each other

other. In other respects, it is agreeable, lively, and entertaining, and contains no sentiment which can be offensive to the purest virtue.

MONTHLY CATALOGUE.

11. *Callistus; or, the Man of Fashion; and Sophronius; or, the Country Gentleman. In Three Dialogues. By Thomas Mulso, Esq.* 8vo. Pr. 2s. 6d. White.

Callistus and Sophronius were intimate friends at the University. The former, upon the death of his father, became possessed of six thousand pounds a year; but unhappily abandoned himself to a dissolute life, and sacrificed every principle of religion, conscience, and honor, in the gratification of his passions. The latter, in the mean time, with an income of five hundred pounds a year, retired into the country, married an amiable wife, supported an exemplary character, and was universally respected. After several years had elapsed, Callistus, finding himself worn out with diseases, and overwhelmed with guilt and remorse, sent for his friend Sophronius. Upon this interview, each of them relates the story of his life. But, in a short time, Callistus expires in a state of distraction and despair.

In the third dialogue, Sophronius and his family are introduced. The good man is, in his last moments, taking leave of his wife and children. Here the contrast is striking. Sophronius, animated by the consciousness of a virtuous life, and the glorious hopes of a happy immortality, closes his eyes with perfect resignation and composure.

These dialogues are written in an agreeable stile; contain some occurrences which are interesting; and may be read with pleasure and improvement by those who are seriously disposed.

12. *An Answer to Mr. Horace Walpole's late Work, entitled, Historic Doubts on the Reign and Life of King Richard the Third; or, An Attempt to confute him from his own Arguments.* By F. W. G. of the Middle Temple. 4to. Pr. 3s. 6d. White.

This Answer is extremely well adapted to Mr. Walpole's performance:

— Neither side prevails,
For nothing's left in either of the scales.

We have, in our last Number, fully expressed our opinion concerning the inanity of the Historic Doubts, which nothing can exceed except that of the Answer.

13. *A Letter to David Garrick, Esq. concerning a Glossary to the Plays of Shakespeare, on a more extensive Plan than has hitherto appeared. To which is annexed, A Specimen.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. 6d. Davies.

We have heard of lawyers who toast the glorious uncertainty of the law, and the uncertainties of Shakespeare bid fair to be as beneficial to authors and critics. This gentleman, who signs his name Richard Warner, has, like his predecessors in the walk of verbal criticism, studied himself into a notion that he understands Shakespeare; nor shall we attempt to undeceive him. We cannot, however, be of opinion, that the performance before us contains any extraordinary specimen of his abilities. Speaking of sir Thomas Hanmer, he says, 'In his glossary, the place only where the word occurs is referred to: in mine, the passage will be quoted at length, with so much of the context as serves to make it a complete sentence; but no farther. For example, in explaining the word to *affy*, which occurs in Titus Andronicus, Act. i. Sc. 1. the whole passage runs thus:

"Marcus Andronicus, so I do *affy*
In thy uprightness and integrity,
And so I love and honour thee and thine,
Thy nobler brother Titus and his sons,
And her, to whom our thoughts are humbled all,
Gracious Lavinia, Rome's rich ornament;
That I will here dismiss my loving friends,
And to my fortune's and the people's favour
Commit my cause in balance to be weigh'd."

But the first two, and the seventh line, making a complete sentence, no more is necessary—as thus:

"Marcus Andronicus, so I do *affy*
In thy uprightness and integrity,
* * * * *
That I will here dismiss my loving friends."

Again—Romeo and Juliet, Act. i. Sc. 1.

"Three civil broils, bred of an airy word,
By thee old Capulet and Montague,
Have thrice disturb'd the quiet of our streets;
And made Verona's ancient citizens
Cast by their grave *beseeming* ornaments."

Now as *beseeming* is the word to be explained, and which occurs in the last line, instead of five lines, three seem to be sufficient. Thus:

"Three

"Three civil broils, bred of an airy word,

Have * * *

* * * made Verona's ancient citizens

Cast by their grave *beseming* ornaments."

"The nature of a glossary formed on this plan, will make it necessary to have the same passage often repeated. Thus in *Timon*, Act. iv. Sc. 3.

"She whom the *Spittle-House*, and ulcerous sores

Would cast the *gorge* at, this embalms and spices

To th' *April-day* again."

"Now as, in this passage, there are three words to be explained, viz. *Spittle-House*, *Gorge*, and *April-day*, it must be repeated three times, under those three respective articles."

These are discoveries which we cannot think require a glossary to elucidate. We agree with Mr. Warner that some passages of *Titus Andronicus* are undoubtedly of Shakespeare's writing, but that, upon the whole, it is not comparable to some of his best plays. Is this an observation which is new to the world, or deserves to be recommitted to the press? Was it worth while to tell the public, that some of Dryden and Otway's plays have far greater merit than others? Is not the same observation applicable to the works of every poet, from Homer down to Stephen Duck?

"In some of Shakespeare's plays (says Mr. Warner) you need not be informed that he makes use of the addition of *Sir* to the names of some of his characters. Thus, in *The Merry Wives of Windsor*, you have *Sir Hugh Evans*; in *As you Like it*, *Sir Oliver Martext*; in *Henry IV.* *Sir Michel*; in *King Richard III.* *Sir Christopher Urswick*; and, in *Twelfth-Night*, *Sir Topaz* the curate, is mentioned, whom the Clown personates in order to tieze Malvolio. But the reader of our bard will not imagine that it is the title of a baronet or knight. No: it is an University term. At Oxford, when an under graduate has taken his degree of Bachelor of Arts, he is stiled *Dominus*. In Cambridge, *Sir*; which is no more than *Dominus* in English. And heretofore, "Graduates (as Dr. Johnson has observed) have assumed it in their own writings; so Trevisa the historian writes himself *Syr John de Trevisa*."

We have already * shewn the absurdity of this observation, and that the term *Sir*, which was often prefixed to the names of clergymen, had no relation to a graduate at the University, but was sold by the pope's legates or agents, that his holiness might be upon the same footing with the king. There is not, perhaps, in all the English history, a fact which can be more

* See vol. xx. p. 409.

easily ascertained than the custom of the pope's selling titles in both parts of the united kingdom. To conclude: tho' this author betrays no gross ignorance of his subject, our expectancies of his future performance are not very high from this specimen.

14. *The Temple of Gnidos. Translated a Second Time from the French of Monsr. De Secondat, Baron De Montesquieu.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. 6d. Kearsley.

While the translator of this poem has unsuccessfully attempted to improve on the spirit of the original, by a too frequent and ill-timed use of points of admiration, he has in some places curtailed the sense of his author, by omitting the most beautiful images. In the French, Vulcan and Venus are described as *fighing*; in the English they are not.

'D'un autre côté on le voit couché languissamment sur un lit de roses; il sourit à Vénus: vous ne le reconnoissez qu'à quelques traits divins qui restent encore. Les Plaisirs font des guirlandes dont ils lient les deux amans: leurs yeux semblent se confondre; ils soupirent, & attentifs l'un à l'autre, ils ne regardent pas les amours qui se jouent autour d'eux.'

'In another part of the piece, you see him by the side of the goddess, languishingly reclined on a bed of roses; his features relaxed into softness and smiles; his eyes swimming with delight and tenderness. Hardly would you know him to be the god of war. Happy lovers! the pleasures sport around them, and even bind them with garlands; but the lovers are solely attentive to each other.'

The following passage affords another instance of the same unjustifiable liberty; where the translator, like a saucy porter, has very unpolitely denied admittance to the gods at the marriage of Venus.

'Plus loin de là on le voit qui l'enleve pour l'emporter sur le lit nuptial. Les Dieux suivent en foule. La Déesse se débat, & veut échapper des bras qui la tiennent. Sa robe fuit ses genoux, la toile vole: mais Vulcain répare ce désordre, plus attentif à la cacher, qu'ardent à la ravir.'

'In a sequel of the story, the bridal couch appears ready for her reception. The god has seized her in his arms, and is lifting her towards it. In struggling to escape, her loose robe flies asunder, disclosing her delicate limbs; but Vulcan instantly repairs the beautiful disorder, still more attentive to conceal, than eager to possess, the charms of his bride.'

The confidence of the Cretan coquette is awkwardly expressed by the word *assur'd*. *Elle se présente à l'oracle aussi fiere que les Déeses.* Assur'd, no less than if she had been herself a goddess, she approached the oracle.'

15. *The Words of the Wise. Designed for the Entertainment and Instruction of Younger Minds.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. Newbery.

Though this small performance contains little new matter, yet the manner in which the several subjects are treated is sensible and pleasing.

16. *On Card-Playing. In a Letter from Monsieur de Pinto, to Monsieur Diderot. With a Translation from the Original, and Observations by the Translator.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. Griffin.

In this letter, which seems to be the careless effusion of a lively fancy, M. de Pinto maintains, that card-playing is one of the causes which have contributed to polish and refine the people of Europe. To prove this paradox, he argues in this manner:

‘Before the epoch of cards, there was less union between the sexes; I mean, they were less together, less in society or company; the men were more so: the meetings in clubs, taverns, were more in vogue; convivial drinking formed more connexions, more friendship; the heaviness of time on hand, which is one of the most powerful causes of the unfolding of human perfectibility, excited men to cultivate their talents, to employ themselves, to study, to labour at the arts, to cabal, to project conspiracies; politics were the subject of the conversations which leisure, and a kind of necessity for passing away the time, produced; they censured the government; they complained of it, conspired against it; and there were on such occasions friends to be found, who might be trusted: the great virtues and the great vices were more common. Then again, the men in those days, not having, by means of the talisman of the cards, the opportunity of satiating their eyes with the charms of women in full counter-view to them, over the green carpet, friendship and love were passions: but, at present, thanks to those same cards, there is little more left than gallantry; there may be found plenty of acquaintances, and not a single friend; a number of mistresses, and not one beloved. A Mahometan, that should behold, with Asiatic eyes, our great assemblies, would be unlucky enough to imagine that our European bashaws kept their seraglios in common. You will then find, that play, which confounds, packs, and shuffles together, men and women, in society, more than even it does the cards, must necessarily relax and weaken the energy of love and friendship. Add, that the efforts of a more essential kind, to get rid of the burthen of tedious time, must be slackened by this trifling diversion. From the letting down these
three

three great springs, love, friendship, business, combine the effects, and calculate the produce. The sedentary life to which this *eternal* amusement reduces the two sexes, enervates the body; whence, both in the natural and moral state of man, there results a new system of manners, temper, and constitution. The magic of card-playing forms the common point of concourse of almost all the passions in miniature. They all, as one may say, find in it their nourishment. Every thing indeed is microscopical, and more illusive than *the* common illusion. A confused idea of good and bad luck presents itself: vanity itself finds its account in it; play seems to establish a false show of equality among the players: it is the *call* that assembles, in society, the most discordant, the most incongruous individuals; avarice and ambition are its *movements*; the universal taste for pleasure flatters itself with procuring its satisfaction by this amusement; the ladies being of the party, that love of which gallantry takes the name in vain, must be of it too: the sphere of our passions becomes contracted, centered and confined to a petty orbit; all the passions put themselves, as one may say, into chains, or evaporate and exhaust themselves far from their spring-head, and wide of their mark. Time, heavy on hand, leisure, laziness, avarice, ambition, and idleness, devour, together in common, a light unsubstantial food, which enervates their force and activity: and as it is from the fermentation of the great passions that there commonly results more of evil than of good, mankind has gained more than it has lost. There are no longer great virtues, but then we do not see so many great crimes as formerly: assassinations, poison, and all the horrors of a civil war, are incompatible with the state of a nation, in which the men and women lose so great a part of their time at cards.

In opposition to this reasoning, the translator observes, 'that though the general prevalence of card-playing may have insensibly but powerfully concurred with other causes, to that apparent favourable change, still, its mode of operation, by weakening at once the vices and the virtues, affords no better idea of such an amendment than of a rake, who, after his having been, by the fire of youth and excess of constitutional vigour, betrayed into the intemperances of debauchery, should grow reformed at the expence of his manhood; reformed not by the strength of his mental powers, but by the weakness of his bodily ones. But surely a man thus lamentably tamed by impotency would no more represent a man essentially made better, than one qualified for an opera singer, in his half-petticoats, plumes, and paste-diamonds, resembles a real man, or
a real

a real hero. An age rendered less rough by any thing so consummately futile, so effeminate as card-playing, would be soft, but emasculate.

Nor will any one think the mark is over-shot by treating cards with this contempt, who will but consider that any taste for them is incontestably and eternally, at best, the stamp of mediocrity; since the annals of human-kind may be defied to produce a single instance of a man of true genius, or real greatness of character, who did not heartily despise this frivolous way of murdering time, under the false pretence of relaxation: I call it a false pretence, because the true motive is an utter incapacity of taste for objects worthy of filling the leisure of a rational creature.

The most elevated understandings are very wisely allowed, nay required, to unbend at times, nor are even denied a recourse to trifles; but not to such a paltry childish diversion as has not even joy or mirth for its excuse, being solely consecrated either to fill up the dreary void of idleness with something more worthless than idleness itself: or to give sordid avarice the chance of satisfying itself, and ofteneft to both these noble purposes, at once: a diversion, in short, only fit for sharpers, for trifling old women, or for men resembling trifling old women.

Any seeming advantage then from such a despicable source can hardly be less illusive than the cards themselves; while the evils which they produce, were it only by the loss of time they occasion, are real and permanent. That light, unsubstantial aliment on which the passions trifle away, at a card-table, their natural appetite to more solid fare, rather weakens than strengthens the powers of the mind, not only to the exclusion of the great virtues, on which alone the happiness of society can solidly rest; but this weakness disposes the slaves of such an habit, not indeed to great vices, but to the little, dirty, selfish ones, such as avarice, meanness of spirit, corruption, indolence, worthlessness, which, by the contagion of example, gradually pervading a whole people, becomes a national character, and prepares destruction more slowly perhaps, but doubtless more surely than great crimes and great vices, which are less dangerous from their glare being more alarming.

In this manner the translator declaims against card-playing. But his censures are too general and immoderate; for though this amusement, when pursued to excess, is a shameful mis-employment of time, and the character of a gamester is really contemptible, yet, under proper restrictions, card-playing is certainly a polite and an agreeable diversion; and preferable to
any

any that can be substituted in its room, except that of theatrical entertainments.

There is among mankind an insipid and frivolous race of beings, who are neither born to shine in conversation, nor in active life.—To these people (provided their fortunes will allow them to trifle) we recommend the card-table. Here they are restrained from calumny, preserved from gross irregularities, and placed in their proper sphere. Two or three trite and ordinary phrases, and the rules of the game, are adequate to their capacities; and by this expedient they may pass through life with politeness and decorum.

Patriots and politicians, who employ their morning hours in projecting schemes, or enacting laws, for the service of their country, may be allowed, when the fumes of a luxurious entertainment have rendered them unfit for the business of the state, to spend the evening at a lady's rout.

There are also men of genius, whose severer studies demand relaxation.—To them the card-table is of singular utility. The company of ladies brightens their ideas, polishes their manners, and prevents that superciliousness, spleen, and misanthropy, which is too often contracted in the pursuits of learning and philosophy. And how much more elevated is this diversion than that of Seigneur Montaigne, who amused himself in playing with his Cat!

We could expatiate upon this topic, but have not room for a disquisition of this nature; nor do we imagine that there is any necessity to produce arguments in favour of an amusement, to which the ladies and the gentlemen of the present age seem extremely inclinable to devote a considerable portion of their time.

17. *Sentiments on the Death of the Sentimental Yorick. By one of Uncle Toby's illegitimate Children. With Rules for Writing Modern Elegies.* 4to. Pr. 1s. Steare.

This is a mere bubble, blown from the froth of Yorick's writings, without wit, humour, or learning to recommend it.

18. *Animadversions on Mr. Colman's True State, &c. With some Remarks on his little serious Piece, called the Oxonian in Town.* 4to. Pr. 1s. Doddsley.

These *Animadversions* contain nothing worthy animadversion, being little more than cavils on the stile of Mr. Colman's *True State*, with some abuse apparently dictated by malice, and unsupported by facts.

19. *A Letter on the Behaviour of the Populace on a late Occasion, in the Procedure against a Noble Lord. From a Gentleman to his Countryman abroad.* 8vo. Pr. 6d. Bingley.

The charge against a noble lord here mentioned has been disproved, and himself acquitted, to the honour of the English laws. The following facts are perhaps not commonly known.

‘ His porter, in endeavouring to oppose some who were rushing into the house of his master, received a blow, to which, I am told, the coroner’s inquest have given in their opinion, he owed his death. What a shock must this be to a master, who, besides the loss of a faithful servant, has the affliction to consider that it was in his defence, and for doing his duty, that he was murdered.

‘ His lordship had a daughter of about fourteen years of age, allowed by every one that knew her to be endowed with the most amiable qualities, supremely beloved by him; and who, on seeing the rising of the people, and frightened at the danger of a father whom she tenderly loved; finding herself too left by him, without her knowing what was the matter, she fell into convulsive fits, and in three days died.’

This letter is modestly and candidly written, and sufficiently exposes the cruel effects of popular clamour.

20. *An Account of a Series of Experiments, instituted with a View of ascertaining the most Successful Method of Inoculating the Small-Pox.* By William Watson, M. D. Fellow of the Royal Society, one of the Trustees of the British Museum, and Member of the Royal College of Physicians. 8vo. Pr. 1s. Nourse.

Amidst the various modes of treatment recommended in the inoculation of the small pox, there still wanted a fair and impartial trial of the comparative merit of each method, conducted by a person disengaged from all attachment to hypothesis, and whose decision should be determined by the result of numerous and accurate experiments. We find this great desideratum supplied in the treatise now before us; the author of which, from his medical appointment in the Foundling Hospital, was happily circumstanced for the undertaking. These experiments appear to have been made with great care and attention, and in the following abstract exhibit a full view of the different success of all the various methods of practice.

Pustules at a medium.

‘ Four boys, prepared with jalop and calomel, had, at a medium, 14 each.

‘ Of these, the boy who had most pustules had 25, the least 5.

‘ Four

Pustules at a medium.

‘ Four girls with the same, - - - - - 5 each.

‘ Of these, the girl who had most had 6, the least 3.

‘ Four boys and four girls with infusion of sena, - - - - - 8 each.

‘ Of these, the greatest number were 30, the least 2; none of the rest had 10.

‘ Eleven without medical preparation, - - - 32 each

‘ Of these, the most were 200, the least 1.

‘ Inoculated with purulent variolous matter from inoculation.

Pustules at a medium.

‘ Four boys and four girls with calomel only, - - - - - 72 each.

‘ Of these, the most were 440, the least 7,

‘ Four boys and four girls with infusion of sena, - - - - - 29 each.

‘ Of these, the most were 64, the least 3.

‘ Six boys and one girl without medical preparation, - - - - - 18 each.

‘ Of these, the most were 60, the least 2,

‘ With highly concocted matter from inoculation without medical preparation.

Pustules at a medium.

‘ Nine boys and nine girls had, - - - - - 57 each.

‘ Of these, the most were 260, the least 1.

‘ Of these, four were inoculated after three days abstinence only from animal food: these had, - - - - - 73 each.

‘ The greatest number was 168, the least 4.

In an appendix to these experiments, two very extraordinary cases are related; one of a woman, and the other of a man, who recovered of the small-pox, notwithstanding that, during the delirium, they had, for some time, exposed themselves to the most intense degree of cold.

A young woman of twenty-three, in the absence of her nurse, got out of bed, and threw herself into the New River at Islington, between twelve and one at noon, November 21, 1741. Being discovered by a person who was accidentally passing, she was taken out, after some time, without the least appearance of life, and carried to the workhouse at St. James's Clerkenwell, where between three and four o'clock in the afternoon, while the people were looking on her as she lay upon the

the lid of a coffin, in the usual repository of the dead before interment, they discovered some little motion of her upper lips; upon which a surgeon-apothecary was sent for, who by assiduous applications restored her to perfect health.

The man, whose case is likewise related, was servant to the earl of Breadalbane, and in the severe winter of 1739-40, when the pustules were near maturation, and his nurse was asleep, got out of bed about two o'clock in the morning, and without any other covering than his shirt, walked from about the middle of Swallow street, where he lodged, to his lordship's house in Henrietta street, Cavendish square; where he was a considerable time knocking before he was admitted, and afterwards waited in the hall, till directions were received in relation to the disposal of him.

21. *On the Disadvantages which attend the Inoculation of Children in Early Infancy.* By Thomas Percival, M. D. F. R. S. 8vo. Pr. 6d. Cadell.

This is an answer to an essay lately published by Dr. Maty, on the advantages of early inoculation. Though we join with Dr. Percival in our disapprobation of such practice, we are of opinion that he extends the prohibition for too short a time, when he admits of inoculation at the age of three months; for the alteration in the constitution at that period, seems too inconsiderable to justify the communication of a distemper, which is insisted upon as hazardous to the earlier stages of infancy.

22. *Formulae Medicamentorum. Or, a Compendium of the Modern Practice of Physick.* By Hugh Smith, M. D. Member of the Royal College of Physicians in London, and late Physician to the Middlesex Hospital. 12mo. Pr. 5s. Johnston.

The applications which are said to have been made to the author, from every quarter of the kingdom, for the publication of this small treatise, would induce us to conclude, that the republic of physic, amidst all its valuable improvements, is hastening to that fatal period when industry shall sink into indolence, and science be lost in oblivion. When a desire is discovered of reducing extemporaneous prescriptions to one mode, as invariable as the standard of officinal compositions, there is reason to apprehend that propriety will be too often sacrificed to the love of form; and while a uniformity of prescription may circumscribe the attention of the physician, compendious systems of physic tend equally to restrain both too much

much within the bounds of simplicity. These remarks, however, reflect no imputation on the intrinsic merit of this little performance, which is accurate, perspicuous, and concise.

23. *A Treatise on Diet, or the Management of Human Life; by Physicians called the Six Non-Naturals, viz. I. Air. II. Food. III. Excretions and Retentions. IV. Motion and Rest. V. Sleep and Watching. VI. The Affections of the Mind. Intended as an Inquiry into the Causes of diseases in general, and in particular of those most common in London. Addressed to the Inhabitants of this Metropolis. By Francis de Valangin, M. D. 8vo. Pr. 6s. Peach.*

The author of this extraordinary farrago has endeavoured to avail himself of the practice in the empirical drama, of bringing a fool on the stage along with him: for his physical precepts are interlarded with such inapposite and eccentric rhapsodies, as can only be ascribed to a Jack-Pudding or Merry-Andrew.

‘Great eaters will sometimes eat such a quantity as to distend their stomach excessively; this will cause a great uneasiness, and, by pressing against the diaphragm, which is that membrane that separates the cavity of the chest from that of the belly, and lies above the stomach, by confining the descending trunk of the great artery which furnishes blood to all the lower parts of the body, and lies behind the stomach; and by pressing also upon the ascending trunk of the cava or great vein, which returns the blood from the lower parts; it will bring on a laborious respiration, a difficulty of breathing, an anxiety, and by forcing a greater quantity of blood than ordinary into the head, the head-ach, a giddiness, sleepiness, and sometimes a sudden apoplexy. In the stomach itself it causes a sickness, the heartburn, and reachings, which point out the speediest way to relieve nature of that oppressing load.

‘George B——, an undertaker, of an eminent Borough town, sent his daughter Polly to London, to have the advantage of living with an old aunt, who gives her the best education, and intends to leave her all her fortune. George is an honest man, who cuts his coat according to his cloth; he sent with Polly a change of linen and of stuff gowns; but since that time a vacancy happening in that borough, and the candidates spending very large sums in giving feasts, George finds his profits considerably increased, and Polly has appeared three successive Sundays in new silk gowns.’

We defy Mr. Bayes himself to have surprised us with an episode more foreign to his subject. What a curious interlude are

we likewise presented with in the following passage, where a lady is screaming, a prime minister is tumbling, a spider is flying, and a doctor is raving!

"It is amazing to see the effects that particular aversions have upon some people. At a great entertainment given by the late duke of Lorrain, in a large hall of the palace, which opened into the garden, a lady in the middle of supper fancied she saw a spider: she was frightened, screamed out, quitted the table, ran into the garden, and fell upon the grass. At the same instant she hears somebody tumble near her; it was the prime minister of the duke. Oh, sir! said she, how glad am I to see you here, it keeps up my spirits, I was afraid I had been guilty of a very great rudeness. "Lord! (answered the minister) who could hold out against it? Pray, madam, was it a very large one?" Oh, sir! it was monstrous. "Did it fly towards me?" added he. What do you mean, sir? A spider to fly? "So then! replied he, is it about a spider that you make so much ado? You are silly indeed; I thought it was a bat."

Let our author proceed to combine alkalies with acids, for the emolument of his patients, but know that the union of the *style d'eloi* in writing can never be produced by a jumble of heterogeneous and incoherent materials; and that an attempt towards such a coalition is as impertinent in a physical author, as the happy completion of it is rare in medicinal compositions.

24. *The First Measures necessary to be taken in the American Department.* 4to. Pr. 1s. 6d. Nicoll.

This important writer affects the air and character of a ministerial pedagogue; and, if we mistake not, finding no success as a projector, he has commenced author. If there is any meaning in his performance, it is, that the numerous poor foreigners who swarm in this great metropolis, should be packed up in bales and sent to America, at the expence of the public, as the only means of encreasing the population of this country.

He is next very angry with the appointment of naval or military governors, especially to Newfoundland, and with suffering any gentleman of taste, genius, or learning, to sit at the board of trade. In short, his performance, from beginning to end, is absurd and contemptible, and plainly intended to point the author out as the only proper successor to the persons he so freely censures.

25. *An Infallible Remedy for the high Prices of Provisions. Together with a Scheme for laying open the Trade to the East-Indies; with an Address to the Electors of Great-Britain.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. Bingley.

This is another infallible nostrum for curing all our national misfortunes at the expence of the East-India company, who are to furnish his majesty's treasury with two millions a year. Fifty two thousand five hundred pounds is proposed to be raised by a tax upon servants, and various other savings and retrenchments are mentioned by this patriotic author; but whether any of them will be adopted, we shall not pretend to determine.

26. *Flagel: Or a Ramble of Fancy through the Land of Electioneering. In the manner of the Devil upon Two Sticks.* 8vo. Pr. 2s. Crowder.

This author falls a-dreaming, after reading the Devil upon Two Sticks, and his imagination is presented with a new devil, who is the statesman's devil, the soul of elections, and the life of oppositions. This demon carries the writer through all the busy, debauched, gross, unmeaning, and unmanly scenes of electioneering. We are, however, of opinion, that if old Asmodeus, or the Devil upon two Sticks, was to catch hold of him, he would serve him as one of his relations did St. Dunstan, for presuming to make free with his name in a publication void of sense, wit, or humour.

27. *Liberty's Offering to British Electors. Or, Cautions offered to the Consideration of those who are to chuse Members to serve in the ensuing Parliament. Written by a Noble Lord.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. Williams.

The author of this pamphlet has digested it under seventeen heads, for the benefit of electors into the British parliament. His observations are shrewd and sensible, and much superior to the abilities of political hirelings. Among other remarks we find the following, which we shall give the reader without any comment.

'An habitual breaker of the laws, to be made one of the law-makers, is as if the benches in Westminster-hall should be filled with men out of Newgate.

'Those who are of this temper cannot change their nature out of respect to their country.

'Quite contrary, they will less scruple to do wrong to a nation where no body taketh it to himself, than to particular men to whose resentments they are more immediately exposed.

* In short, they lie under such strong objections, that the over-balance of better men cannot altogether purify an assembly where these unclean beasts are admitted.

28. *A Cautionary Address to the Electors of England: Bring a Touchstone between the Constituents and Candidates. With a Word touching John Wilkes, Esq;* 8vo. Pr. 1s. Williams.

An election squib in favour of that great patriot John Wilkes, Esq.

29. *A Letter to the Electors of Middlesex, concerning Mr. Wilkes, necessary to be read by every Voter.* 4to. Pr. 6d. Murdoch.

A dull attack upon Mr. Wilkes, on occasion of his standing candidate to represent the county of Middlesex in the approaching parliament. Though we do not pretend to interfere in controversies of this kind, yet we shall always contribute our mite in discouraging all personal and illiberal abuse.

30. *Liberty Deposed, or the Western Election. A Satirical Poem. In three Books.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. 6d. Almon.

An exhalation produced by the rage of rhiming, and equally void of wit, spirit, or satire.

31. *The Exile Triumphant: or, Liberty Appeased. A Poem. Humbly Inscribed to the Worthy Liverymen of the City of London.* 4to. Pr. 1s. Steare.

A piece of poetical flummery for Mr. Wilkes, despicable beyond expression.

32. *The Prophecy of Liberty: A Poem. Humbly Inscrib'd to the Right Hon. Robert Lord Romney.* 4to. Pr. 1s. Pearch.

The author tells us, in an advertisement, that the probability of a general act of insolvency gave rise to his poem; that he is but a young attendant on the muses, and hopes the candid will behold it with a favourable eye. As it is written with an honest intention, and contains some feeling lines, we hope the poet will meet with indulgence.

33. — *For Ever! A Poem.* 4to. Pr. 1s. Newbery.

Another patriot bard, who raves at corruption, luxury, Arthur's, Almack's, Hoyle, and regrating farmers; but above all at lord Bute, and general warrants. It must, however, be acknowledged, that his versification is superior to that of other

publi-

publications of the same kind, which we have reviewed this month.

34. *Modern Chastity. Or, the Agreeable Rape. A Poem. By a Young Gentleman of Sixteen. In Vindication of the Right Hon. Lord B——e.* 4to. Pr. 1s. 6d. Bingley.

This young gentleman of sixteen, who has probably played the truant from school to riot in the purlieus of Covent Garden, deserves very severe castigation for the indelicacy of his subject, and his still more indecent manner of treating it. As to the publisher, we imagine he has had some electioneering point to carry with the trunk-maker's company, in whose service he has arduously laboured for some months to reduce the price of waste paper.

35. *Poetical Justice: Or, the Trial of a Noble Lord, in the Court of Parnassus, for an Offence, lately found bailable in the Court of King's Bench.* 4to. Pr. 1s. Murdoch.

We are sorry to see a pen which might have appeared with some degree of poetic merit in the cause of virtue, prostituted in time-serving obscenity.

36. *Tarquin and Lucrece, or, the Rape: A Poem.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. Nicoll.

This piece was written by Shakespeare, and is published among his miscellaneous poems. It is a work of no extraordinary merit; and would never have appeared in its present form, if a rape had not been lately the subject of conversation. The editor impertinently offers it to the perusal of lord B.

37. *The Managers managed: or, the Characters of the four Kings of Brentford.* 4to. Pr. 1s. Nicoll.

A very rough draught of the characters of the four managers.

38. *The Poetical Works of the Right Honourable Lady M——y W——y M——e.* Small 8vo. Pr. 2s. sewed. Williams.

The reputation which this lady's Letters have so justly obtained, cannot fail to engage the attention of the public in favour of whatever production has any claim to so distinguished a name. This opinion, we presume, influenced the editor of this little compilation, to present the world with a complete collection of such poetical pieces as had been usually ascribed to her. As these before us have already appeared in different publications,

lications, we shall be the less minute in our examination of them.

None of the six Town Eclogues, which stand foremost in this Collection, to speak most favourably of them, rise above mediocrity; except 'The Toilette,' written by Mr. Gay. 'The Bassette Table,' if really the production of Mr. Pope, as by this editor is confidently asserted, does him little honour.

'See! *Betty Lewin* very *a-propos*,
She all the care of love and play *does* know.'

Again,

'Behold this equipage, by *Matheas* wrought,
With fifty guineas (*a great pen'orth!*) bought—
Jove, Jove himself, *does* on the scissars shine,
The metal and the workmanship divine.'

The poverty of expression, and particularly the expletives which enfeeble those lines, leave room to doubt the authenticity of them. From Mr. Pope's own pen, we know his opinion of feeble expletives:

"Where feeble expletives their aid *do* join." *Ess. on Crit.*

But however that may be, the lines above cited we apprehend sufficient to justify the apparent severity of our critique.

The verses addressed to Mr. Pope are very severe, and afford ample proof of the wit and vivacity of the fair author.

'Not even youth and beauty can controul

The universal rancour of thy soul;

Charms that might soften superstition's rage,

Might humble pride, or thaw the ice of age.

But how should'st thou by beauty's force be mov'd,

No more for loving made, than to be lov'd?

It was the equity of righteous heav'n,

That such a soul to such a form was given;

And shews the uniformity of fate,

That one so odious should be born to hate.

'When God created thee, one would believe,

He said the same as to the snake of Eve;

To human race antipathy declare,

'Twixt them and thee be everlasting war,

But oh! the sequel of the sentence dread,

And whilst you bruise their heel, beware your head.

'Nor think thy weakness shall be thy defence;

The female scold's protection in offence.

Sure 'tis as fair to beat who cannot fight,

As 'tis to libel those who cannot write.

And if thou draw'st thy pen to aid the law,
 Others a cudgel, or a rod, may draw.
 If none with vengeance yet thy crimes pursue,
 Or give thy manifold affronts their due;
 If limbs unbroken, skin without a stain,
 Unwhipt, unblanketed, unkick'd, unflain;
 That wretched little carcase you retain:
 The reason is, not that the world wants eyes;
 But thou'rt so mean, they see, and they despise.
 When fretful porcupine, with ranc'rous will,
 From mounted back shoots forth a harmless quill,
 Cool the spectators stand; and all the while,
 Upon the angry little monster smile.
 Thus 'tis with thee:—while impotently safe,
 You strike unwounding, we unhurt can laugh.
 Who but must laugh, this bully when he sees,
 A puny insect shiv'ring at a breeze?
 One over-match'd by ev'ry blast of wind,
 Insulting and provoking all mankind.
 'Is this the thing to keep mankind in awe,
 To make those tremble who escape the law?
 Is this the ridicule to live so long,
 The deathless satire, and immortal song?
 No: like thy self-blown praise, thy scandal flies;
 And, as we're told of wasps, it stings and dies.'

The humorous 'Epistle from Arthur Grey the Footman,' is well known, though the author was not: and the rest of the petty pieces that compose this Collection, even the most trifling of them, have an acquired merit in being the productions of the celebrated Lady M. W. M.

39. *Precepts of Conjugal Happiness. Addressed to a Lady on her Marriage.* By John Langhorne, D. D. 4to. Pr. 1s. Becket.

The reputation of the author, and the subject upon which he writes, led us to expect a greater number of refined sentiments, and exquisite strokes of genius, than we actually find in the perusal of this poem. It seems to be one of this writer's easy, negligent, extemporaneous effusions of friendship and fancy; but in point of stile it is superior to the generality of those poetical bagatelles which continually issue from the press. The following sentiments are just, and elegantly expressed:

'Love, like the flower that courts the sun's kind ray,
 Will flourish only in the smiles of day;

Distrust's

Distrust's cold air the generous plant annoys,
 And one chill blight of dire contempt destroys.
 O shun, my friend, avoid that dangerous coast,
 Where peace expires, and fair affection's lost;
 By wit, by grief, by anger urg'd, forbear
 The speech contemptuous, and the scornful air.

When love's warm breast, from rapture's trembling
 Falls to the temp'rate measures of delight; [height,
 When calm delight to easy friendship turns,
 Grieve not that Hymen's torch more gently burns.
 Unerring nature, in each purpose kind,
 Forbids long transports to usurp the mind;
 For, oft dissolv'd in joy's oppressive ray,
 Soon would the finer faculties decay.

' True tender love one even tenor keeps;
 'Tis reason's flame, and burns when passion sleeps.'

' The charm connubial, like a stream that glides
 Thro' life's fair vale, with no unequal tides,
 With many a plant along its genial side,
 With many a flower, that blows in beauteous pride,
 With many a shade, where peace in rapturous rest
 Holds sweet affiance to her fearless breast,
 Pure in its source, and temp'rate in its way,
 Still flows the same, nor finds its urn decay.'

This piece is very short, not containing above 128 lines.

40. *Amabella. A Poem.* 4to. Pr. 1s. Robson.

The subject of this poem, as our author informs us, is founded on a circumstance that happened during the late war.—'A young lady, not meeting with the concurrence of her relations in favour of an officer for whom she expressed her regard, was prevailed upon, by his solicitations, to consent to a clandestine marriage; which took place on the day he set out to join his regiment abroad, where he was unfortunately killed in an engagement.'

This gentleman, as we have before had occasion to observe, is in general no inelegant writer; and his lyre seems particularly tuned to elegy. But he is sometimes not only unclassical, but ungrammatical: as for instance in the two following stanzas;

' Endear'd to all she met, each welcome day,
 By fortune's hand, with various blessings fraught;
 When, lo! her gaiety's accusom'd ray
 Was quench'd, untimely, with the gloom of thought.

' What fix'd the bosom-thorn, affliction knows,
Where peace sat brooding as the gentle dove;
What blasted on her cheek the summer rose,
Or slow disease, or unsuccessful love,

' Remain'd unknown: ———

The first of these stanzas is defective in point of grammar; and in the second, "affliction knows," is a redundancy of expression, which takes from the beauty of what immediately precedes, — "the bosom thorn," — and destroys the connection in that which follows, — "*Where* peace," &c. — *where*, according to the author's meaning, referring to *bosom-thorn*; but, according to the present construction, it refers to *affliction*. We trust the ingenious author will not think us too critical in our remarks, when he considers our province is to enter more deeply into the merits of the productions that come before us, than a superficial reader, or a partial friend: it is what from the nature of our undertaking is required of us, what we professed to do, and what our readers have a right to demand of us.

The elegant simplicity of the four following stanzas will afford the reader a very advantageous opinion of Mr. Jerminham's abilities in elegiac compositions: in which, however, we cannot help taking notice of certain inaccuracies in language; such as *forbid* instead of *forbidden*, *you* instead of *ye*, &c. These are blemishes which are easily avoided; and such as we are sorry to see deform the works of an ingenious and pleasing writer.

' To speed the moments of the loit'ring hour,
And by their plaintive strains perchance allur'd,
Within a spacious myrtle-woven bow'r,
Two turtle doves the pensive fair secur'd.

" Ye little captives, would she often say,
Tho' here secluded from the fields of air,
Thro' yonder vernal grove *forbid* to stray,
And join the kindred train that wanton there:

" 'Gainst you the gunner never lifts his arm,
Nor o'er this mansion does the falcon sail;
You live unconscious of the storms's alarm,
The rain impetuous, and the beating hail.

" Nor here, by kind compassion unimpress'd,
The school-boy ever rears his impious hand
To fill with agony the feather'd breast,
And raze the little domes that love had plan'd."

41. *Life. A Poem. To the Reverend John Canning, M. A. Student of Christ-Church, Oxford. By James Parsons, M. A. late Student of Christ-Church. 4to, Pr. 1 s. 6 d. Fletcher.*

This writer's abilities as a poet are not contemptible. We have in this production a short, but lively sketch of human life, calculated to shew, that glory, honor, and wealth, are empty delusions; and that happiness is only to be found with wisdom and virtue in retirement.

"Where life deceiv'd shall gently steal away,
And calm reflection smooth the closing day."

42. *Two Elegies. Folio. Pr. 1 s. Fletcher.*

These elegies contain some good lines, and many tender sentiments. The subject of the first is disappointed love, or the cruelty of Sylvia; the subject of the second is the loss of a friend, the honourable John Sandys, who died in Germany in the late war.

43. *The Ring. An Epistle, addressed to Mrs. E——m. 4to. Pr. 1 s. Wilkie.*

A most unintelligible piece of theatrical fustian.

44. *The Contrast; or the dying Profligate, and the dying Christian, in two poetical Essays. By Daniel Turner. 4to. Pr. 6d. Johnson.*

In the first of these Essays, the author represents Apisto, a libertine in principle and practice, dying in the full exercise of his reason and conscience, deeply convinced of his guilt, and in dread of the divine resentment. In the second, he introduces the good man on his death-bed, full of hope and joy, resulting from the consciousness of an upright life.

The profligate, on the point of his departure, is supposed to make the following reflections:

"Flush'd with vigour, health, and youth,
Ridicule my test of truth,
Worse than brute, I dar'd to live,
Laught at what the good believe:

"Like the brute I thought to die,
And of God forgotten lie;
But alas! too late I see
That I must for ever be.
Now eternity appears,
'Waking all my guilty fears
Eternity!

"Thou

— "Thou vast profound,
Veil'd in darkness all around.
Flames, portentous of my doom,
Onely, light thy horrid gloom ;
Gleaming dreadful here and there,
Light than darkness worse by far ;
This my blood with horror chills,
This my soul with torture fills !

" Oh ! where can there, can there be
Comfort for a wretch like me ?—

If I inward take a view,
Conscience, there I meet with you,
There my sins in order rise,
Ghastly forms before my eyes ;
Lust, oppression, falshood, pride,
And ten thousand crimes beside.

" If I upward dare to look,
There's the God whose laws I broke ;
Whose stern justice, once my jest
Points her lightnings at my breast,
If I forward cast my eye,
There I see destruction nigh,
While I, from the brink of death,
Trembling view the hell beneath."

As he expires he cries out—

— " But oh ! now —

Now I feel the moment come ;

Now I go to meet my doom—

Now I plunge I know not where,

Horror all, and black despair !

These lines are smooth and poetic : but is this the voice of nature in her last convulsions ? Are these jingling rhymes compatible with the circumstances of a person who stands trembling on the verge of eternity ? If not, the versification in this Essay is much less proper for the soliloquy of a dying man, than that which Mr. Addison has used in the soliloquy of Cato.

The Dying Christian ends his reflections in this manner :

" Blest moment !—now I feel it nigh—

Thrice welcome the cold arms of death !

Jesus ! thro' thee 'tis LIFE to die,

I praise thee with my latest breath !

These

These Essays, or soliloquies, are short; and deserve commendation more for their pious tendency than for their poetic excellence.

45. *The Troublers of Israel. In which the Principles of those who turn the World upside down are displayed. With a Preface to the Rev. Dr. — To which is prefixed, a short introductory Description of modern Enthusiasts.* 4to. Pr. 1 s. 6 d. Keith.

This publication contains several pieces in favour of the Methodists; and, without doubt, is the production of one of that fraternity. It is full of piety; but such balderdash as not one person in five hundred can have patience to read. The following lines, on the character of an Enthusiast, will be more than sufficient for any reader of taste.

'The love of Jesus to his chosen few,
They know it, can describe it unto you;
In scripture language babes can lisp it out.
They doubt some things, his love they dare not doubt.
They crave a Saviour's blood and righteousness,
They feed on one, the other is their dress.'

46. *Occasional Remarks upon some late Strictures on the Confessional; particularly in a Pamphlet, intitled, "Doubts concerning the Authenticity of the last Publication of the Confessional, &c."* 8vo. Pr. 1 s. Bladon.

This is an accurate and judicious defence of the Confessional, against the reflections which have been lately cast upon it by the author of the Doubts, Dr. Pye, and some other writers.

In our Review of the Doubts*, the passages in question are said to be 'fairly stated and compared.' As this was a very disputable point, the word *fairly* was struck out in the revisal; but by the inadvertency of the printer was left standing. Our readers therefore are desired to consider it as one of those *errata*, which will inevitably occur in periodical publications.

47. *A Letter from a Protestant-Dissenting-Minister to the Clergy of the Church of England, occasioned by the alarming Growth of Popery in this Kingdom. Wherein several late popish Productions are considered.* 8vo. Pr. 1 s. 6 d. Cadell.

The author of this Letter, apprehending that popery is increasing in this kingdom, and that the clergy of the established church are not sufficiently attentive to its progress, has given

* Vol. xxiv. p. 389.

them a gentle alarm, and offered them his friendly advice on this important occasion.

He begins with representing the impropriety of carrying on any controversies, which have a tendency to divide Protestants; and thinks it a very improper time to make any attempts to episcopise North America. He takes particular notice of several late publications in favour of popery; and shews, that it is, as it ever was, in open and avowed enmity with protestancy. At this critical juncture, the clergy of the church of England, he says, should, as protestants, absolutely disown any relation to the church of Rome; they should earnestly inculcate on their people a just idea of the shocking corruptions, and malignant spirit of popery; they should particularly recommend the Bible to their attention; they should advise them to keep up a good understanding with their dissenting neighbours; they should consider the church of England, as capable of farther reformation. If they should endeavour to obtain some salutary law for more effectually preventing the growth of popery, they should propose some expedient which might supersede the necessity of administering oaths, not obligatory, to papists; and lastly, they should seize every opportunity of informing the gentry, nobility, royal family, and even the king himself, that the British throne has, and can have, no other firm basis, or real stability, but on the principles of the Reformation and the Revolution.

In this letter, the author appears to have a great respect for the church of England, and a sincere desire to promote the interest of protestancy, or the cause of religion, truth, and liberty.

48. *Some Proposals towards preventing the Growth of Popery: humbly offered to his Diocesan. By an old Country Parson, Aug. Pr. 1. Baldwin.*

This writer observes, that one effectual method to prevent the increase of popery and superstition is to suppress atheism and irreligion; that it is a great dishonour and prejudice to the protestant church, to allow all sorts of mechanics to build and preach in tabernacles, under the protection of the act of toleration; that the papists lose no opportunity of upbraiding us with keeping our churches in very bad and unseemly condition, with performing divine service in a slight and perfunctory manner, and with the people's careless and unbecoming behaviour in the house of God; that simony is a gross offence, and may be the ruin of the church; and that the growth of popery is greatly owing to the poverty of the clergy, — 'to their being robbed

robbed of their maintenance that was wisely and worthily provided to support the dignity of their office and them, in performing all the arduous branches of it. He therefore earnestly recommends the restitution of all inappropriate tithes to the parochial clergy; and then, he thinks, we might bid adieu to pluralities, non-residence, and every remnant of popery. The idea of such a glorious event throws this good old orthodox divine into rapture, and he concludes his pamphlet with this pathetic wish—

O mihi tam longa maneat pars ultima vite!

49. *Sermons to Asses.* 8vo. Pr. 3 s. Johnson.

Ludicrous and sarcastic wit, and a rage for liberty, are the distinguishing characteristics of these extraordinary sermons. In style and manner, the author seems to have imitated Mr. Yorick, or the late orator Henley: the people of England, which, he thinks, do not exert themselves in defence of their rights and privileges, but tamely and indolently submit to any kind of imposition, are the asses to which they are addressed. To the first and second, he has taken for his text, the following words of the patriarch Jacob.—*Issachar is a strong ass, couching down between two burdens.*—Now, what can these burdens mean?—Perhaps, says he, they were civil and religious oppression.—This happy conjecture gives him an opportunity to expatiate upon the taxes, elections for members of parliament, ecclesiastical censures, tithes, canons, creeds, and other topics of the like nature.

To the third and fourth sermon, the text is this passage in the story of Balaam's ass — *And Balaam rose up in the morning, and saddled his ass, and went with the princes of Moab.*—*And the ass said unto Balaam, Am not I thine ass, upon which thou hast ridden ever since I was thine?*

This piece of history furnishes the author with many images and expressions which are admirably suited to his purpose, but thrown into ridicule with too much levity and freedom. As a sample of his manner, take the following passage, in which he represents the body of the people as a community of asses:

'Tho' Balaam and his ass are dead many ages ago, —yet their offspring are very numerous. But who would think that any of this character could be found in Britain, the very toast of the nations for pretensions to freedom and liberty? Yet true it is, that there are many false prophets and many asses in this free nation.

'Even here we shall find slaves in abundance: here we shall find men called *freeholders* bearing civil burdens, like Issachar, through

through their own slothfulness, and want of spirit: here we may find men who are called free thinkers, giving up their liberty, and conforming to other men's creeds, at the expence of their own consciences: here you may find offices appointed by spiritual authority, to break the stubborn and perverse temper of untractable asses, under the management of the sons of Balaam,—who have in custody all the trapping that is fit to keep them in order. In Britain you may find some burdened with taxes, some with articles of religion, some with creeds, and others with oaths and covenants;—and upon the top of these burdens, on purpose to rule their asses, always some of Balak's or Balaam's children sitting,—and these poor humble creatures, at every threatening of their tyrannical masters, after they have started a little, returning and saying, *Are not we thine asses, upon which thou hast ridden ever since we were thine?*

The portrait of an ass couching down between two panniers of enormous size, the one marked with the word *politics*, the other with two of the letters of the word *religion*, adorns the title-page of this volume.—The author might have added another device, and represented himself, under the figure of a spirited and restive mule, breaking the halter, and flinging off the rider and the panniers.

50. *Family Discourses.* By a Country Gentleman. 8vo. Pr. 3s. Johnston.

These discourses, as the author informs us, were drawn up for the use of a private family. They are upon common, practical subjects, and written with great plainness and simplicity. There is nothing in them which is very striking or ingenious; but there is (what is better) a spirit of rational piety, moderation, and benevolence.

51. *A Sermon preached before the Lords Spiritual and Temporal, in the Abbey Church, Westminster, on Saturday, January 30, 1768: being the Day appointed to be observed as the Day of the Martyrdom of King Charles I.* By Robert Lord Bishop of Peterborough. 4to. Pr. 6d. Davis.

Where envying and strife is, there is confusion and every evil work, is the text which his lordship has selected on this occasion. The subject is treated with perspicuity and elegance.

52. A

52. *A Sermon preached before the honourable House of Commons, at St. Margaret's Westminster, on Saturday, January 30, 1768. By George Stinton, D. D. Chancellor of the Church of Lincoln, and Chaplain to his Grace the Lord Archbishop of Canterbury.* 4to. Pr. 6d. Payne.

This is an excellent discourse. The author reviews some of the circumstances attending the event which we commemorate on the thirtieth of January; and shews, that this commemoration is an institution replete with lessons of religious and civil prudence, illustrating the fatal effects of almost every wayward passion which has, in any age, disturbed the repose of mankind; of princely tyranny, and popular licentiousness; of superstitious bigotry, and wild fanaticism; of open dissoluteness, and secret hypocrisy; of piety perverted to rebellion, and liberty introducing slavery. The text is taken from Titus iii. 1.

53. *The Reasonableness of Repentance; with a Dedication to the Devil, and an Address to the Candidates for Hell.* By the Rev. James Penn. 8vo. Pr. 6d. Wilkie.

Every one knows, that a sermon in the common way is not in the least regarded. The publication may be advertised for a month, and probably not a dozen will be sold. Mr. Penn, therefore, in some of his late discourses, has very sagaciously attempted to excite the curiosity of the public by a new expedient, of which we have here a very singular example. — There is some humour in the dedication and address, and some very serious and useful advice in the sermon.

54. *Masonry the Way to Hell, a Sermon: Wherein is clearly proved, both from Reason and Scripture, that all who profess these Mysteries are in a State of Damnation.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. Robinson and Roberts.

We are uncertain whether this publication is meant to commend Masonry, by exhibiting a charge against it so enormous as almost exceeds credibility, or to explode it, by a fair representation of the absolute futility of its mysteries. If these are justly delineated in this performance, they cannot be treated with too great indignation and contempt; and the author would in that case be justifiable in the use of the opprobrious epithets he has so liberally bestowed on Free-masons. But we ourselves not being of the initiated, must submit the reality of the facts here alledged, to the decision of the fraternity.

35. *Masonry vindicated: a Sermon. Wherein is clearly and demonstratively proved, that a Sermon lately published, intitled, "Masonry the way to Hell," is an intire Piece of the utmost Weakness and Absurdity; at the same time plainly shewing to all Mankind, that Masonry, if properly applied, is of the greatest Utility, not only to Individuals, but to Society and the Public in general: And is impartially recommended to the Perusal, as well as to clear up, and obviate all the Doubts entertained, of those who are not Masons; and to the Fair-Sex in particular.* 8vo. Pr. 1s. Hinton,

This is a weak, injurious, and contemptible vindication, composed of a false title-page, unfair quotations, and absurd reasoning; and is more fit to expose the inability of the author, than serve the cause of masonry.

36. *A Grammar of the French Tongue, grounded on the Decisions of the French Academy, wherein all the Necessary Rules, Observations and Examples, are exhibited in a Manner entirely New, for the Use of Schools.* By John Perrin. 8vo. Pr. 2s. 6d. Law.

This grammar, like most others, is little more than a compilation, in which, however, Mr. Perrin has been judicious in his selection and arrangement. When he lays aside the compiler, and ventures to give his own opinion, we cannot say he is always so happy. The irregular verbs are conjugated very imperfectly; for instance, tho' *aller* and *vivre* have two preterits, he mentions only one; and does not conjugate those which are the most difficult. Nor do we think that he treats Chambaud with that respect he deserves, considering the lights he has borrowed from him. Page 257, this author says, *Vous m'obligerez de vouloir bien m'excuser auprès d'elle*, quoted from Chambaud, is not French, or at least is very equivocal; but we cannot help being of opinion, that this sentence is as good French, and as little equivocal as that which Mr. Perrin would substitute, viz. *Vous m'obligerez si vous voulez bien m'excuser auprès d'elle*. This grammar, nevertheless, is not destitute of merit, and may be useful to scholars.

